

COMMENT OF THE DAY

UC Elections

NOW that nominations for the Urban Council elections have closed, the public, and more especially that section entitled to vote, await with interest the "platforms" which the candidates intend to promote. It is to be trusted they will not be too high falutin'. The election is not intended to provide an opportunity to campaign for constitutional reform, housing reform, better conditions for the "white collar brigade," the creation of a mayoralty or more schools. These subjects, in themselves, are worthy enough, but none comes within the orbit of the Urban Council. To many minds this may seem deplorable; may appear to justify a candidate making "Reform of the Urban Council" a main platform plank. Nevertheless, Urban Council elections must be kept in their proper perspective. They are quite important as a symbol of a growing civic consciousness in the Colony and of providing simple means for testing the practical interest of voters in the privilege which enfranchisement bestows on them. They could, and probably will, lay the foundation for wider management of local affairs through elected representatives. That is a sensible and logical target. But it is as well to remind ourselves that the forthcoming elections are for the express purpose of electing two candidates to assist the Urban Council in fulfilling its specified functions, always, of course, keeping first and foremost in mind the interests of the general public, whose daily lives are to a greater or lesser degree, affected by the policies and operations of the Urban Council. It has been emphasised before—and it will bear repetition—that the real work of Urban Councilors is embodied in the time and thought they spend in select committees: where speeches, no matter how homeric in content, never see the light of publication; but where members have the best chance of faithfully serving the public weal. The test therefore is not the election campaign, but the ability, after being chosen, to adapt oneself to the often tedious requirements of a Council whose functions are limited.

Increasing Trade: British Govt Acts REOPENING OF TALKS WITH HUNGARY



Dr. W. R. Inge, known as the "Gloomy Dean," whose death occurred yesterday.

BIG DIAMONDS SEIZURE

Freetown, Sierra Leone, Feb. 26. Police here have seized thousands of pounds worth of illicit diamonds in raids at the airport and in the town during the past 24 hours.

They found 595 pieces of rough and uncut diamonds in the baggage of a passenger before the departure of a plane from Lunge (Freetown) airport. Later they seized 124 diamonds in the town. Sierra Leone police have recovered more than £1,000,000 worth of illicit diamonds during the past 12 months.—Reuter.

Train Disaster

Rio de Janeiro, Feb. 26. Seven persons were killed and 39 injured today in a rush-hour suburban train crash, when an express crashed into a slower-moving local outside the city.—United Press.

London, Feb. 26. The British Government acted swiftly today to implement Sir Winston Churchill's promise yesterday to try to increase East-West trade in the interest of world peace.

The Board of Trade announced that trade and financial talks between Britain and Hungary, broken off in 1949, would open here on March 15.

At the same time, it was learned that Britain had under consideration the possibility of opening trade talks in Prague with Czechoslovakia at an early date.

These developments followed the announcement earlier in the week that Anglo-Polish trade talks would reopen in London next Thursday to consider increased trade between the two countries. The last Anglo-Polish trade agreement expired at the end of 1953.

Two other moves to step up trade with the Communist bloc were also taken today.

1. The re-examination of the lists of materials and equipment whose export to Russia is at present banned or restricted.

2. The conclusion of important talks between Mr. G. Myrdal, Executive Secretary of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe, and Foreign Office officials on increased East-West trade prospects.

The trade talks with Hungary will include claims under the peace treaty, commercial debts, copyright payments, and claims following Hungarian nationalisation and land reform measures.

Trade relations between Britain and Hungary were broken off by Britain nearly five years ago as a protest against the arrest and imprisonment of a British businessman, Mr. Edgar Sanders, on an alleged spying charge.

All imports from Hungary were banned until Sanders was released last August. Britain is at present importing grain and pulses from Hungary. The Hungarian Government is expected in the forthcoming talks to seek raw materials, especially metals, woollen goods, chemicals and fertilisers.

LIST RE-EXAMINED
The re-examination of the "embargoed" materials list by two top British officials followed the Prime Minister's statement yesterday that the more the Western countries traded through the Iron Curtain, "the better will be the chance of our living together in increasing comfort."

At present, Britain bans the export to Russia of 250 major strategic "war" items, apart from arms, ammunition and atomic energy equipment. A further 100 items can be sold to Russia in "restricted" quantities.

Exports to China are even more heavily embargoed—480 items are on the list of strategic materials forbidden to the

Chinese Communist Government, apart from guns, ammunition and atomic energy equipment.

Sir Winston Churchill announced that Britain was to lift the regulations governing the export of raw materials, manufactured goods and shipping to the Communist bloc and would discuss the matter with the United States Government.

He also looked ahead to a five-power conference in Geneva in April and suggested this might open the door to a Korean peace settlement and greater trade with China.

Now that the British Government is officially committed to trying to relax restrictions on trade with the East, an early approach will have to be made to the "Paris group" of nations who co-ordinate their export policy to the Communist states.

This group consists of 14 Atlantic Pact nations, Japan and Western Germany. The re-examination of the list of embargoed materials are being watched eagerly by a large number of British firms who have secured orders from Russian Government departments or who are still negotiating.—Reuter.

Invitation To Yoshida

Tokyo, Feb. 26. President Eisenhower has extended a personal invitation to Japanese Premier, Mr. Shigeru Yoshida, to visit the United States.

US Ambassador to Japan Mr. John Allison, who returned from consultations in Washington last Tuesday, relayed Mr. Eisenhower's message.

The Premier had said earlier he planned to make a world tour this spring at the end of the present Diet session.

President Eisenhower said he would "heartily welcome" Mr. Yoshida to Washington.—United Press.

Sailor Cleared Of Charges

Portland, Dorset, Feb. 26.

A 19-year-old British sailor was cleared here today of charges that he had deliberately damaged radar cables aboard the 26,000-ton aircraft carrier, *Indefatigable*.

James Fraser, an electrician's mate, acquitted by a court martial aboard the ship, had pleaded not guilty.

In evidence he said: "Two years in prison and being dismantled from the service is better than five years in the Navy."—China Mail Special.

Scelba Wins Vote Of Confidence

Rome, Feb. 26.

Premier Mario Scelba's 18-day-old coalition Government tonight won a slender vote of confidence from the Italian Senate—by 123 votes to 110, with two abstentions.

Tonight's victory virtually assured the Government's acceptance by the Lower House in ten days' time.

These initial confidence votes were expected to allow the Government breathing space till about Easter, when it will bring forward its first controversial legislation.

The Cabinet, the fourth since general elections last June, is based on a loose coalition of Christian Democrats, Social Democrats and Liberals, with the small Republican Party pledged to support it.

In tonight's vote, Communists, left-wing Socialists, Neo-Fascists and Monarchists opposed the Government.

Winding up the debate before tonight's voting, Signor Scelba told the Senate:

"We want to destroy the germs of nationalism through European Union."

Replying to left-wing Opposition attacks to his plan to seek ratification of the European Defence Community Treaty, he said:

"A united and strong Europe will help ease world tension." Referring to Italy's dispute with Yugoslavia over Trieste, Signor Scelba said: "We do not consider the Trieste problem simply an Italian problem, but a European issue to be solved within the framework of mutual understanding and solidarity and in the interests of the continent."—Reuter.

Scale Mountain

Buenos Aires, Feb. 26.

Reports from Mendoza tonight said a French expedition led by Rene Ferlet had successfully scaled Mount Aconcagua in the Andes but was overwhelmed by a blizzard on the trip down from the peak.

The dispatches said Adrien Dagnay, cameraman, and another member of the expedition passed through Puente de Linca on route to a hospital.

They were reported to have suffered frozen feet during the blizzard.—United Press.

Sudanese Protest Naguib's Dismissal

Khartoum, Feb. 26.

Crowds of Sudanese demonstrated in Khartoum today against the dismissal of President Mohammed Naguib by the Egyptian Revolution Council.

"No union (with Egypt) without Naguib" was one of the main slogans shouted by the demonstrators.

The demonstrations which followed minor disturbances by students here yesterday dispersed peacefully on the orders of the police.

An official statement appealed to all Sudanese citizens to refrain from any interference in the affairs of Egypt.

Mr. Ismail Achary, Sudanese Prime Minister, issued the statement in the name of the Cabinet.

"The Council of Ministers, while regretting the circumstances that led to the resignation of General Naguib, hopes that matters in Egypt will be settled in the best interests of the people."

Appealing to Sudanese citizens to refrain from any interference, it added: "We emphasise that Sudan relations with Egypt will remain those of friendship and brotherhood."—Reuter.

PEACEFUL SABBATH

Cairo, Feb. 26.

Egypt's fallen leader, ex-President Mohammed Naguib, a devout Moslem, said his Friday prayers today at his suburban home, which was still surrounded by the armed guards of the men who deposed him.

The country appeared perfectly calm and no incidents were reported. After what Major Salah Salem, Minister of National Guidance, described as "a true crisis," the country's Moslem Sabbath was peaceful, with crowds of worshippers overflowing from the mosques into the streets at the hour for prayer.

The newspapers said little about General Naguib today, but the independent Al Akhbar commented: "Egypt cannot idolise any individual. Egypt idolises her freedom and dignity alone."

"Individuals are passing shadows and can only be upheld while they represent sublime ideals," the paper said. Cairo heard many rumours about General Naguib's future. One report said he might leave soon for Luxor, or some other resort in Upper Egypt "for health reasons."

Major Salem who said "we could have killed him, but we decided to let him live," stated that Naguib must remain at home for the present. He might eventually be allowed to move freely through the country or go abroad if he wished.

"NAGUIB MYTH"
He admitted the Council's acceptance of General Naguib's resignation from all his offices yesterday came as a "shock" to the Egyptian people, but said: "The Naguib myth" would soon be destroyed by facts.

Major Salem said Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser—"our real chief"—would act as head of state on behalf of the Revolution Command Council.

He said there was no change in the political situation of Egypt at home or abroad.—Reuter.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Aesthete
Aeroplane
Busy Bee
Outsider:—Courtier.

RACE 2

Jip On
Harmony
Wodonga
Outsider:—Phoenix.

RACE 3

Glenahiel
Our Pride
King A
Outsider:—United Fortune.

RACE 4

Firefly
Knock-down
Fire-Glo
Outsider:—Johnber.

RACE 5

Mak Slicar
Strathlan
Cordon Bleu
Outsider:—Barometer.

RACE 6

Free Kick
Diana
Firestone
Outsider:—Mincola.

RACE 7

Flaming Wheel
Easy Slam
Diamond Queen
Outsider:—Diamond Dahlia.

RACE 8

Atomic Caesar
Moonrush
Ringway
Outsider:—The Stranger.

RACE 9

Attractive Power
Popularity
Pentforce
Outsider:—The Gazette.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Aesthete
Courtier
Aeroplane
Outsider:—Three Stars.

RACE 2

Marine Charger
Wodonga
Perfectionist
Outsider:—Jip On.

RACE 3

Glenahiel
United Fortune
King A
Outsider:—Manx Penny.

RACE 4

Firefly
Fire-Glo
Gold Cup
Outsider:—Gold Medal.

RACE 5

Strathlan
Cordon Bleu
Mak Slicar
Outsider:—New Jersey.

RACE 6

Free Kick
Firestone
Collin
Outsider:—Gay Prince.

RACE 7

Flaming Wheel
Diamond Dahlia
Cleopatra
Outsider:—Airs & Graces.

RACE 8

Ringway
Atomic Caesar
Same Again
Outsider:—Moonrush.

RACE 9

Evening View
Exquisite Love
Attractive Power
Outsider:—Gracechurch.

Hedge-Hopping Planes Mow Down Rebels

Several hundred Communist Vietnamese rebels were reported to have been killed today as hedge-hopping French planes and fast moving infantrymen ripped into retreating rebel troops north of the royal Laotian capital of Luang Prabang.

The Vietnamese were caught as they trekked north through jungle-choked mountain valleys, having apparently for the moment given up their threat against Luang Prabang, a High Command spokesman reported.

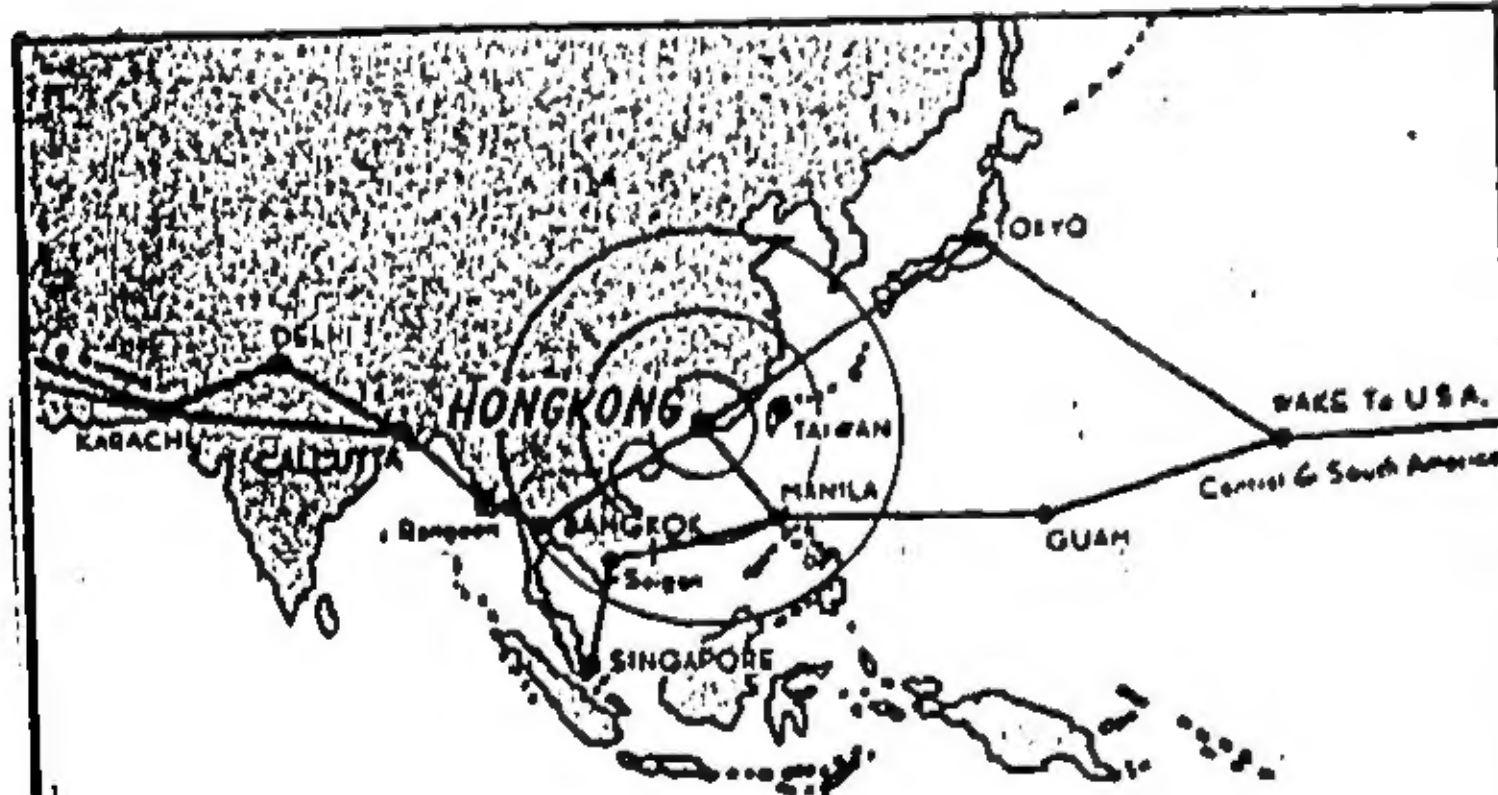
American-built Bearcat fighter-bombers screamed down at perilous tree-top height to strafe and bomb the long columns of coolies and fighting men, the spokesman said, as hardy French colonial soldiers and barefooted Laotians looped in to cut off stragglers and pepper the Reds with rifle fire.

Several times the back-peddling Communists stood and fought, but the light loyal units faded into the jungle, to appear again later, he added. "Enemy losses were very important, and have been evaluated at several hundred dead," a briefing officer said.—United Press.

SYRIA'S NEW PRESIDENT

Damascus, Feb. 26.

The President of the Chamber of Deputies, Marmoun Kuzbari, announced tonight that he was taking over office as temporary President of the Republic in conformity with the Constitution. Kuzbari read to the House Adib Shishakly's letter of resignation and appealed to civil and military leaders to "act in unison for the well-being of the nation."—France Press.



PAN AMERICAN

extend their best wishes to the Fourth Asian Conference of the Junior Chamber International, and hope the delegates will enjoy a successful congress.

Arrive refreshed... relaxed... and on time... with

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DON'T BE MISLED!



IGNITION CONTROL ADDITIVE
Shell with I.C.A., incorporating Tricresyl Phosphate, puts an end to the major cause of power loss: pre-ignition and spark plug fouling. This exclusive Shell development gives you smoother running, less noise, more power, and longer effective spark plug life.

I.C.A. CANNOT BE SUCCESSFULLY IMITATED
Shell has universal patent rights covering the use of Tricresyl Phosphate in motor fuels. Therefore do not be misled by unsupported claims for unspecified additives. Only Shell with I.C.A. can give you the benefits of Tricresyl Phosphate.



Some time ago now the Governor of South Carolina was endeavouring to recover a runaway slave from the Governor of North Carolina. The slave, however, was protected by powerful friends and negotiations could not have gone slower in Missouri. At a banquet given by the Governor of North Carolina the Governor of South Carolina made a speech demanding the return of the slave and ending with: "What do you say?" It was then that the Governor of North Carolina made his historic reply: "It's a long time between drinks."

The longer it is between drinks the more miraculous is Rose's Lime Juice. The pure juice of Nature's most thirst-quenching fruit sweetened with fine cane sugar, tangy, long and cold with ice cubes in a tall glass—drink it down and as your tongue ceases to resemble a cinder say "Aah—another large Rose's Lime Juice please."



KING'S 10-MORROW

★ 5 SHOWS ★
"THE BIG HEAT"
 EXTRA MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.

KING'S PRINCESS

HONG KONG KOW LOON
 AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
 & 9.30 P.M. & 9.30 P.M.

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

"THE BIG HEAT"

"I'm an ex-cop with a big beef against the guy who killed those four dames. One lived long enough to talk to me. He's one guy no girl's going to worry about again—ever!"

A HARD COP AND A SOFT DAME

GLENN FORD GLORIA GRAHAM JOCELYN BRANDO

FROM THE SENSATIONAL SATURDAY EVENING POST SERIAL

with Alexander Scourby - Leo Marvin - Jeanette Nolan
 Screen Play by SYDNEY BOGHE
 Based upon the SATURDAY EVENING POST serial by William F. McGovern
 Directed by ROBERT ARTHUR - Directed by FRITZ LANG
 A COLUMBIA PICTURE

PRINCE TO-MORROW AT 11.15 a.m.

EXTRA MORNING SHOW

NEW TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS, POPEYE, PUPPETOON Etc.
 From Paramount

AT REDUCED PRICES

CAPITOL LIBERTY

Tel. 3335 THE HOME OF Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer PICTURES Tel. 50323
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 Wing Hong Firm, Hong Kong Hotel, Queen's Road, C.

OWING TO THE LENGTH OF PICTURE

PLEASE NOTE

CHANGE OF SHOW TIMES

Daily at 2.00, 4.30, 7.00 & 9.30 p.m.

M-G-M's BIGGEST TRIUMPH

The GREATEST CHINESE adventure ever filmed,
 it tops "GOOD EARTH!"

BATTLE of the GUERRILLA FIGHTERS

EXCITEMENT that will leave you BREATHLESS!!

DRAGON SEED

with KATHARINE HEPBURN-WALTER HUSTON

Based on the Novel by PEARL S. BUCK

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON

with Esther Williams
 in
PAGAN LOVE SONGS

AT REDUCED PRICES: \$1.50, \$1.00

SHOWING TO-DAY **STAR** AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

IT'S MORE ALLURING, GLAMOROUS, DARING, SCINTILLATING THAN "CAROLINE CHERIE"

Caroline's Fancy

with MARTINE CAROL

In Lavish Technicolor • Released Thru Pathe Overseas

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By MARGARET BRUCE

It has always been my ambition to bring you a comprehensive view of our present and future films in the colony—and to a certain extent I do. But this is not always entirely possible.

For instance, when I was collecting my information on film schedules last week, two films were not mentioned to me by their managers.

They were "A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS" with Evelyn Keyes and Cornel Wilde and "THEY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE," a Hugo Haas production.

The reason for the secrecy has by now been made painfully obvious and, as they have finished their runs at the big cinemas, I think it is best to let them both rest.

"A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS" has been superceded at the LEE and GREAT WORLD by "ALL I DESIRE." Barbara Stanwyck scores a great dramatic triumph in this nasty little story of the attempts made by a faithless wife and mother to edge her way back to the protection of the family she left when it suited her.

Filmgoers have learnt to accept this situation quite unobtrusively but I quarrel with the attempts made in this particular film to laugh off the guilt.

It is surely so much better to face up to a situation and forgive it if possible. I did not consider the meandering wife's sister daughter, as played by Marcia Henderson, a sufficient penance, however.

"DERBY DAY"

A British picture made by Herbert Wilcox will follow the LEE and GREAT WORLD next, called "DERBY DAY." It has a formidable list of stars to its credit—Anna Neagle, Google Withers, Michael Wilding, John McCallum and Gordon Harker.

It has not been possible to see a preview of this film, but I can tell you quite a bit about it; the most vital thing being to hurry along if you want to see it because you know how transitory these things can be—unless the racing inspect will attract.

Certainly I recommend it to all the local race fans who have not seen an English race meeting, and particularly the Derby, as a comparison that they should find both interesting and amusing.

Because, although the human dramas of a half dozen of the racegoers are the prime motif it seems that enough attention has been paid to the actual sport to make it a nostalgic experience for those of us who know and love the Course.

The personalities involved cut right across all grades of society, with their problems cleverly presented and interwoven in the plot. Anna Neagle is a Mayfair widow and is paired off with the suave, Michael Wilding as a well-known cartoonist. Suzanne Cloutier as a pretty little housemaid finds her "Derby Luck" as a companion for the day to the elegant film star with the Marquis' complex, played by Peter Graves.

At the other end of the scale John McCallum and Google Withers are lovers gambling desperately for a chance to escape the police sentence that is due to overtake them. Gordon Harker is the gaudy, cheerful owner-driver of a 1920-vintage taxi, and this I must see!

As you will have realised there is something for everybody in this picture, bound together by the thrilling backdrop of the Sport of Kings.

NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE

"THEY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE" is making way at the ROXY and BROADWAY for a French film "CASQUE D'OR" or, if you must, "GOLDEN MARIE." Simone Signoret who has often played the unhappy and cruel lover, has in "GOLDEN MARIE" the role of a "vamp" of 1920.

"CASQUE D'OR" is, in fact, the portrait of a celebrated beauty of the period whose adventures were the sensation of

the Charonne and Belleville districts of Paris. Mixing in the world of the "Anarche" she brought tragedy and death to those who loved her.

Jacques Becker, in collaboration with J. Combarieu, wrote the script for "GOLDEN MARIE" based freely on this true story. Simone Signoret throws the character into startling relief.

A luxuriant head of blonde hair, with the ample skirts and shawls of the period, gives her an entirely new silhouette.

As Marie "Casque d'Or" she has created a type of vamp that will not be easily forgotten. Not will the distasteful end of the film escape easily from one's memory. It is so often painful to see the French are too good at realism.

TWO ARE COWHANDS

"THREE YOUNG TEXANS" will follow at the ROXY and BROADWAY very shortly. I cannot say exactly when. Apart from Harold Lipstein's excellent photography of the Colorado scenery around Durango and the wide stretches of valley bordering the Rio Grande river, this picture seems to me to be one of the most irritating Westerns produced in a long time.

These three unattractive young people lived in Texas in 1870; one is a rancher's daughter, the other two are young cowhands.

Mitzi Gaynor has deserted the dance and long silk tights for boots and saddle. It is the dancer's gain. In the story, the two young cowhands, played by Keefe Brasselle and Jeffrey Hunter, drive cattle rustlers away from the ranch when they are the victims for the favours of the tiresomely vivacious Miss Gaynor.

The story is so involved that it is difficult to follow which of the young men is likely to turn out to be the hero.

It's all made quite clear towards the end, however, when one of them is killed—being a Western it's bound to be the right one—and we can relax. However, during the run of the picture there is so much gambling, robbery with violence, double crossing, misunderstanding, kidnapping and mistaken identity that everybody in it was left branded on my mind as a double-dyed villain.

"UNDER THE 12 MILE REEF" will, I think, be the next Cinemascope picture shown at these cinemas. No subject could be better chosen for this medium.

NO "TEAM"

"THE BIG HEAT" seems to be proving a great attraction at the KING'S and PRINCESS. This is not surprising because it is a most impressive production even though it is startling and horrific.

I have already told you the story. I disagree with the advertisement which invites us to thrill to the new team of Glenn Ford as the hard cop and Gloria Graham as the soft dame; in fact it belies the very strength of this drama.

There is no "team" as we have come to understand the word. The two characters are drawn together by appalling circumstances and a mutual danger and desire for revenge; but Glenn Ford's wife having been killed, there is no more "love angle" to the story, a fact which adds to the stark realism that marks the picture.

I must repeat myself here—on no account take a child into the cinema while this film is showing.

The KING'S and ALHAMBRA seem to be having quite a run on the squid type of movie because they change from "THE BIG HEAT" to "ONE WOMAN'S CONFESSION."

Like "THEY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE" this is a Hugo Haas production, starring vehicle. It is difficult to understand why this phenomenon occurs so frequently.

Mr Haas is a Czechoslovak who escaped to the United States when this country was invaded. As a refugee he deserves our sympathy and he has certainly achieved a great deal for himself in Hollywood, and judging

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

American Distributors to circulate his somewhat blousy pictures.

"ONE WOMAN'S CONFESSION" stars, together with Haas himself, a blonde actress called Cleo Moore. The word 'actress' used in this sense may prove confusing to many. It would be more precise to say "a young woman who appears, professionally, on the screen" and there is a world of difference between fulfilling this function and actually "acting." This is a singularly amateur performance.

The story falls audly between two stools. We set off to be appalled by a tale of degradation—the heroine's circumstances at the opening of the film are so sordid that what ever path she chose would be understandable—an overworked and rather grumpy waitress in a shocking waterfront cafe, she rubs the proprietor who is reputed to have cheated her father of everything he owned.

She hides the loot, confesses and accepts her gual sentence, and we confidently expect an interesting aspect of the semi-sordid side of her downward path when she gets out. But that is before the pure light shining in her eyes has become noticeable. She proves herself to be a girl of solid worth—and is allowed out on parole.

WISELY LEAVES IT

She wisely leaves her loot to begin with and gets a new sweater and a job in another cafe, run, this time, by Hugo Haas, the too tiresome, but this kind, little thing tells Haas where her money is hidden so that he can redeem his gambling debts.

When he cannot find it she thinks he is lying and eventually his him over the head with a bottle. Now she goes to check and finds that the money is there after all—gives it to a Charity—and hears that Mr Haas merely had concussion.

A fisherman has been dragged in somewhere during all this, in order to provide a happy ending, which we get on a nice sunny day with the blonde sailing out to catch fish, and anything else she can, in a new summer outfit.

MORE TOUCHING

Shortly, the KING'S, PRINCESS and ALHAMBRA are going to show "STALAG 17," a prisoner-of-war camp picture of an entirely new variety. Because this one is a comedy, I find it far more touching to see the prisoners bravely making the best of things than harping on their grim fate, though we have yet to see how it is handled in this particular instance.

Before this film, however, the EMPIRE will be presenting "THE MAZE." This picture was originally intended as a 3-D shocker. It is being shown now in the flat version and though this will be gentler on the nerves, I cannot help feeling that it will lose a great deal. Because in its fantastically far-fetched and suspenseful way, this is a classic.

The action takes place on a fabulous Riviera estate, in a small Mediterranean hotel, on the Scottish moor and in the vast halls and grim rooms and dank garden of an ancient Scottish castle.

I have been asked not to divulge the plot and I agree that even a hint would ruin the effect. If you like your spine chilled, look out for "THE MAZE." The stars are Richard Carlson (also in "ALL I DESIRE") and the lovely and talented British actress, Veronica Hurst, who is our latest loss to Hollywood.

Mr Giovanni, will pick pockets on the stage to consolidate the certain effect of the programme. A magician with a difference, he should prove a great asset.

VERY OLD ONE

Hongkong's home of MGM films, the CAPITOL and LIBERTY, have a very old one on this week—regrettably fashionable "DRAGON SEED" stars Kathryn Hepburn in the days when she was rather more preoccupied by glamour than the irreproachable looking she gives us now. Walter Huston's usual impeccable performance is also hidden; in this case by a petulant, oriental make up which conceals his features and his emotions. Irrevocably, perhaps this one is it.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Warner Bros. High Wide & Happiest Hit!

DORIS DAY
HOWARD KEEL
Calamity Jane
 with TECHNICOLOR

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW — Extra Performance At 11.30 a.m.

LEE Theatre GREAT WORLD

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE NAME THEY CALLED, HER IN WHISPERS... NOW WAS TRUE!

BARBARA STANWYCK
"ALL I DESIRE"
 RICHARD CARLSON - LYLE BETTGER
 MARCIA HENDERSON - LORI NELSON
 MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN - HOWARD LONG

ADDED: Latest CAUMONT BRITISH & U-I NEWS

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE At 11.30 a.m.
MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS

GREAT WORLD At 12.30 p.m.
3 STOOGES COMEDY & COLOUR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices!

EMPIRE MAJESTIC

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

"THE MAZE"
 will amaze you!

with RICHARD CARLSON - VERONICA HURST

EMPIRE TO-DAY

ADDED ATTRACTION

THE AMAZING Dr. GIOVANNI
 THE WORLD'S GREATEST PICKPOCKET

Spectacular demonstration of Unbelievable Feats

At 2.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. shows only

AS USUAL PRICES

The Garrison Players

CASTING MEETING

"COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS"

THURSDAY, 4th MARCH at 8 p.m.

There will be a preliminary reading of the play on Tuesday, 2nd March at 8 p.m.

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN
 Gloucester Road,
 ALL ARE WELCOME

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

It's Like A Modern Babel, But It Works

Paris. Blonde Scandinavian babies tumbling with dark-eyed Italians, mothers chattering in fantastic French-English mixtures, and soldiers in sky-blue Greek uniforms are daily proving different nationalities can live together—and like it!

It looks and sounds like a modern Babel. But this international "Main Street" is just SHAPE village on an average day.

Statesmen's speeches make much of Atlantic Alliance harmony. Almost ignored in the oratory, however, is this practical project in day-to-day living among 13 nations which is paying big if unpublicised dividends.

SHAPE village is where hundreds of married officers and men of Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther's Supreme Allied Headquarters in Europe live during their tour of duty.

"It's something we'll never forget," said US Major Robert Cronin of Fort Worth, Texas. "And for the children, the contacts they make will be invaluable later when they try to understand all the problems

and disagreements between nations." First Sergeant George H. Deneck, who married a home-town girl from his native Ghent, Belgium, agreed on benefits of the unique community.

It proves that with a little effort, all the nationalities can get along together. I've never heard of any trouble."

HIS FAVOURITE

He admitted his favourite side of life there is the weekly Bingo (Pamela) games, however. So far he's won a radio, an electric coffee-maker and electric shaver to make his wife better and more comfortable at home, even if it is more expensive.

Gen. Deneck, D. Eisenhower, started building SHAPE village in July, 1951, to ease the French housing shortage and to push his doctrine that "each one of us must be just one-fourteenth national and 13 parts international."

Site chosen was a 22 hectare (55 acre) wooded hillside tract in St. Germain, about 10 miles west of Paris and eight miles from SHAPE. Owned originally in the 13th century by King Philip the Bold, it has had a chequered history as a French chateau, a German estate, a German hospital, a German headquarters and then Allied Naval Headquarters after the war.

Ninety-five days after work started, the first 13 SHAPE families moved into the modernized, balconied three and four-story apartment blocks dotted in a long curve amid the trees.

Now there are 305 apartments and all the trappings of a small town: school, boy and girl scouts, Sunday School and athletic teams. The plumbing and fixtures place even the Americans: refrigerators, central heating, and electrical cooking ranges.

THE RENTS range from \$1,200 for a small family home—combined living room-dinette, kitchen, bathroom and one bedroom—to \$4,500 for the biggest officer's five-bedroom place.

Living there are all the NATO nationalities except Icelanders. The nearby SHAPE school is an important part of the community. A visit there would make even a hardened nationalist believe in a future United States of Europe.

Children of 10 nations—419 of them—mix in a unself-conscious comradeship that ignores national barriers. Principal René Tiliard said that in two weeks a child can learn enough French, the school's common language, to join in singing "Frère Jacques" and other nursery songs.

After three months with our Swedish and Swiss teaching methods, they can learn a basic vocabulary of 400 words—even Racine used only 900—and take part in the lessons," he said. Once a week, national instructors come in for specialized subjects.

FLUENT SPEAKERS "Most of the foreign children end up speaking far better French than their parents, and even help mother interpret in shops," he said. Norwegian Air Force Lt.-Col. Halsten Melnes of Oslo, who has been in the military since 1928 and his boy and girl "love the school and look forward to going every day."

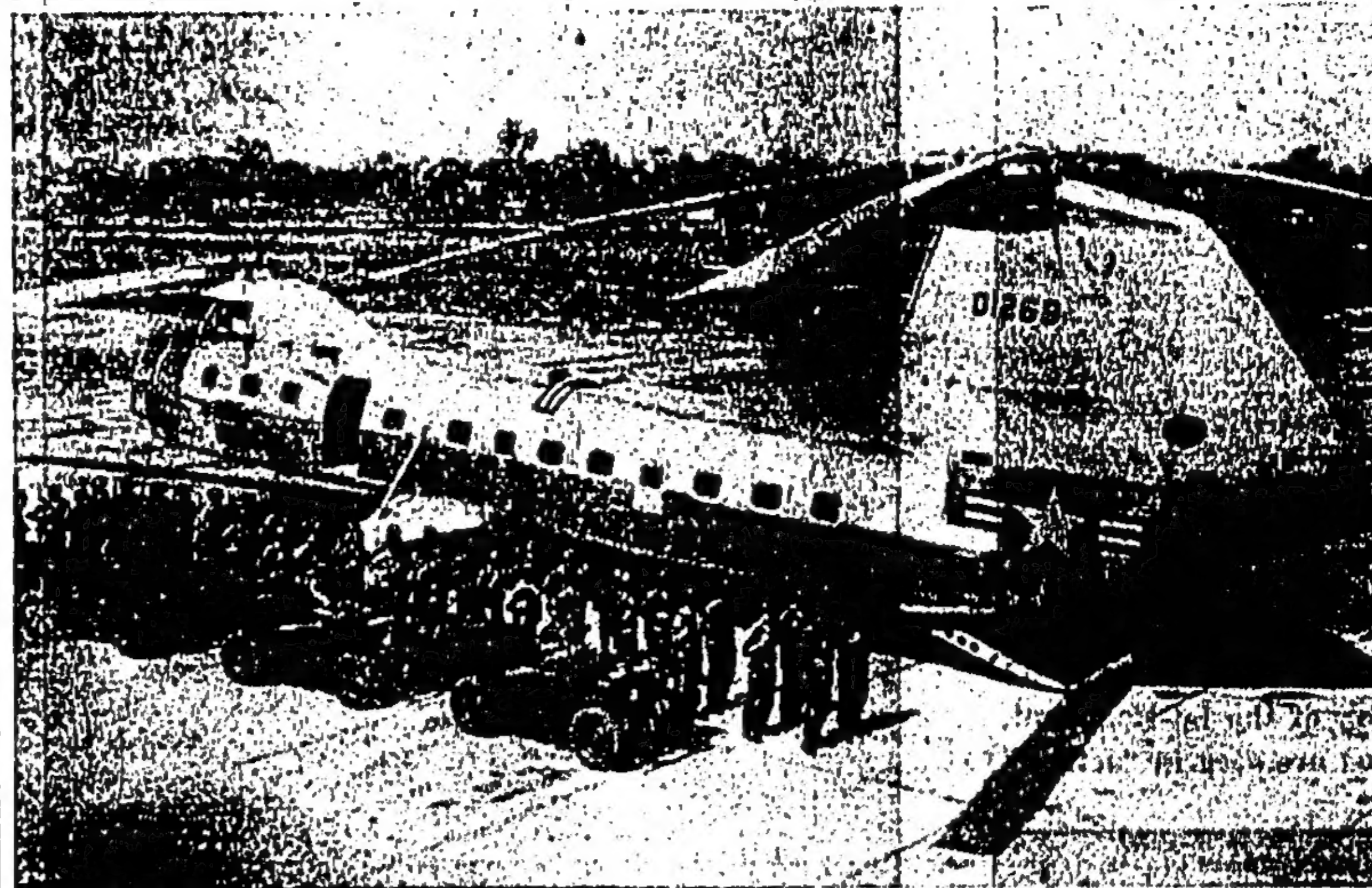
"My kids are learning good English and French," said Dutch army driver Corp. Baan Batsman of (24 Velmar St.) The Hague, father of cute, blonde, Louis Maria Antoinette, 6.

French children are in the majority, but there are also 95 Americans, 70 British, 42 Dutch, 20 Italians, 25 Canadians, nine Turks, eight Norwegians and Dances and five Belgians and Luxembourgers.

Christmas is perhaps the only time when the different national customs stand out, as each nation celebrates in its own way.

The Italians eat cels, the Danes their Acheloge, the Norwegians Julegrob porridge, the British and Americans their plum pudding and turkey, the French their goose. "What a mixture," said Cronin. "But they seem to mix just as well as the people." —United Press.

The Largest Helicopter Transport



Tests were recently carried out of the world's largest tandem transporter helicopter—the YH-16 Transporter. Built by the Piasecki Helicopter Corporation for the US Air Force, it can carry 40 soldiers or three jeeps loaded through the tail ramp. The machine is powered by two engines of 1,650 hp each. Either engine can turn both rotors, sustain flight in case one engine fails. Each rotor is 82 ft in diameter. Fuselage of the YH-16 is nearly 78 feet long and the tail-section reaches 25 feet into the air.—London Express.

Tough Test Confronts Democracy In Japanese Schools

Tokyo. Japan's youthful democracy is facing one of its toughest tests in a dispute over teachers' political activities.

The government wants a strict law banning the nation's teachers from classroom support of any political party or belief.

But the strong Japanese teachers' union charges that the government actually is proposing thought control and a return to World War II fascism.

The argument closely resembles bitter wrangling in America over whether teachers should be required to take anti-Communist oaths.

An important difference, however, makes the question more vital to the free world in Japan than in the United States.

The US has a wealth of experience in protecting individual liberties, but Japan is only three years old as an independent democracy and is taking its baby steps in the very shadow of Communism's second strongest world power, Red China.

One fluttering step, and the island empire could stumble and fall under the heel of Communism.

In their youthful enthusiasm to make freedom work, some Japanese government leaders frankly suspect the teachers' union, representing all public school instructors of spreading left-wing sympathies contrary to democratic education.

Until less than a generation ago, Japanese educators accepted their government without question and taught students the policies laid down by military dictators.

FREE TO THINK

Now teachers, like all other Japanese, are free to think and vote the way they want, but the government fears the teachers' union has gone too far.

The parliament's Vice-Minister for Education, Isemu Fukui, charged the Union is "an organization of teachers with distorted political views" which "is guiding and leading away from the education circles of the country."

The minister warned that teachers' political activities have made controlling legislation imperative.

Not so, said the chairman of the union's central executive committee. This spokesman, Takashi Kobayashi, warned that the government bill, soon to be introduced into the Diet is a front for "the ominous bugaboo of fascism."

He charged, "should the bill be given legislative approval, teachers would be considered as maintaining neutrality in the

Cathay

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IN COLOUR

New Theory On Origin Of Life

London. A theory that new life is being created all around us but that there is no known way as yet for recognising the process is being discussed in British scientific circles.

It was proposed by Dr N.W. Pirie, Head of the Biochemistry Department of a Government experimental station.

Pirie said present ideas about the origin of life on this planet have obscured by such "ignorance and uncertainty" that his research posed this "obvious question":

"Did life originate once only and did all other species evolve from the original one, or have there been constant new originations?"

The generally accepted theory is that life originated at only one stage of the evolution of the Earth—hundreds of millions of years ago.

"There seems to be no reason to doubt," said Pirie, "that if life originated once it may have so many times and may still be doing so unrecorded."

THREE FACTORS

"Three factors militate against our recognising spontaneous generation if it takes place now. We do not know what types of medium it is most likely to occur in; we do not know what manifestations to look for; any newcomer would be likely to 'get used to' a metabolite (absorbed by) an already established type before we notice the arrival."

Pirie said he realised his theory was tentative but the subject, he feels, has not had the thorough study it deserves. He mentioned that some scientists believe "life" existed 800,000,000 years ago when sulphide deposits were laid down because these show evidence of a "biological process" able to select chemicals.

But his own estimate of the first organism is at least 1,000,000,000 years ago and possibly twice that long. He argues that it would have taken this time for the organisms to evolve to the point where they left fossil records in the rocks.

Pirie said he had to conclude that:

"No other place and time seem more suitable for the appearance of life than here and now." —United Press.

AN OLD TEXAS CUSTOM

Stanford, Conn.

Police were suspicious when they heard Carl Forbes was carrying a loaded .22 calibre revolver so they locked him up for two days while they investigated.

Convinced he is a law-abiding citizen, they released him after he was fined \$25 and given a suspended three-month jail sentence for carrying a concealed weapon. Forbes, who hailed from Houston, Texas, explained, "Where I come from it's the custom to carry revolvers." —United Press.

French Cannibal Frogs Invade Southeast England

London. French cannibal frogs were hopping across to Southeast England and gobbling up their English cousins in what looked like the first successful invasion since 1066 and all that.

British gourmets were delighted. As is well known, French frog legs are good eating for those who like French frog legs, while English frogs aren't fit to be fried.

But the invasion was humiliating to many Britons who in their ill-tempered moments have snuffed at the French as frog eaters. And British scientists shook their heads in dismay.

"It is possible," said Dr Malcolm Smith, an authority on frogs, "that this (French) species will ultimately have an effect, at least locally, on our fauna similar to that of the introduced grey squirrel upon the native red species."

American grey squirrels were introduced into this country in the last century. They have just about routed the British redcoats right off the island.

INVASION ROUTE

The French frogs were following the invasion route of William the Conqueror. The bighead of this amphibious operation was the Romney marshes on the Kent-Sussex border and along low-lying Sussex coast as far as Hastings.

The invasion is reported in the current issue of the British Journal of Herpetology with the proper scientific detachment by R.H. Ahrensfield. He told how he saw a French invader attack a native.

The small grey English frog stood it ground, but the big brown invader gulped and the battle was over. Ahrensfield said the French frog-eating habits were "somewhat sluggish." Only after five hours had the long legs of the English frog disappeared.

J. Boulenger, former custodian of the aquarium at the London Zoo, confirmed the cannibalistic habits of the French frogs.

"This species is very voracious," he said, "and large

specimens will occasionally capture snakes and small mammals and birds."

Kentish farmers say the success of the invasion can be heard as well as seen with more and more "yapping croaks" of the French frogs and less and less "sweet trilling" of the English frogs.—United Press.

THE KORAN IN GERMAN

Zurich. For the first time, a complete German translation of the Koran, the Holy Scripture of Islam, is being published by the Ahmadiyah Muslim Mission in Switzerland. The translation has been made from the original Arabic text and is the work of many scholars over a period of several years.

One feature of this book is the printing of the Arabic text side by side with the German translation. An exhaustive introduction dealing with the Bible and other religious scriptures and comparing the teachings of Islam with those of other religions had also been included. The introduction has been written by the present head of the Ahmadiyah Movement in Islam.

This German-language Koran containing more than 800 pages will be available soon in all German-speaking countries. Similar translations are also planned in French, Italian, Polish and Russian.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Mother said I could come and play for a while, but you are supposed to send me home when I break something!"

These are the few of the PRESS raves for "GOLDEN MARIE"

SUNDAY TIMES: "... A screen alive with sensuousness and luminous figures. One of the best films I have seen in ten years. It seems to me to have the qualities which make a classic."

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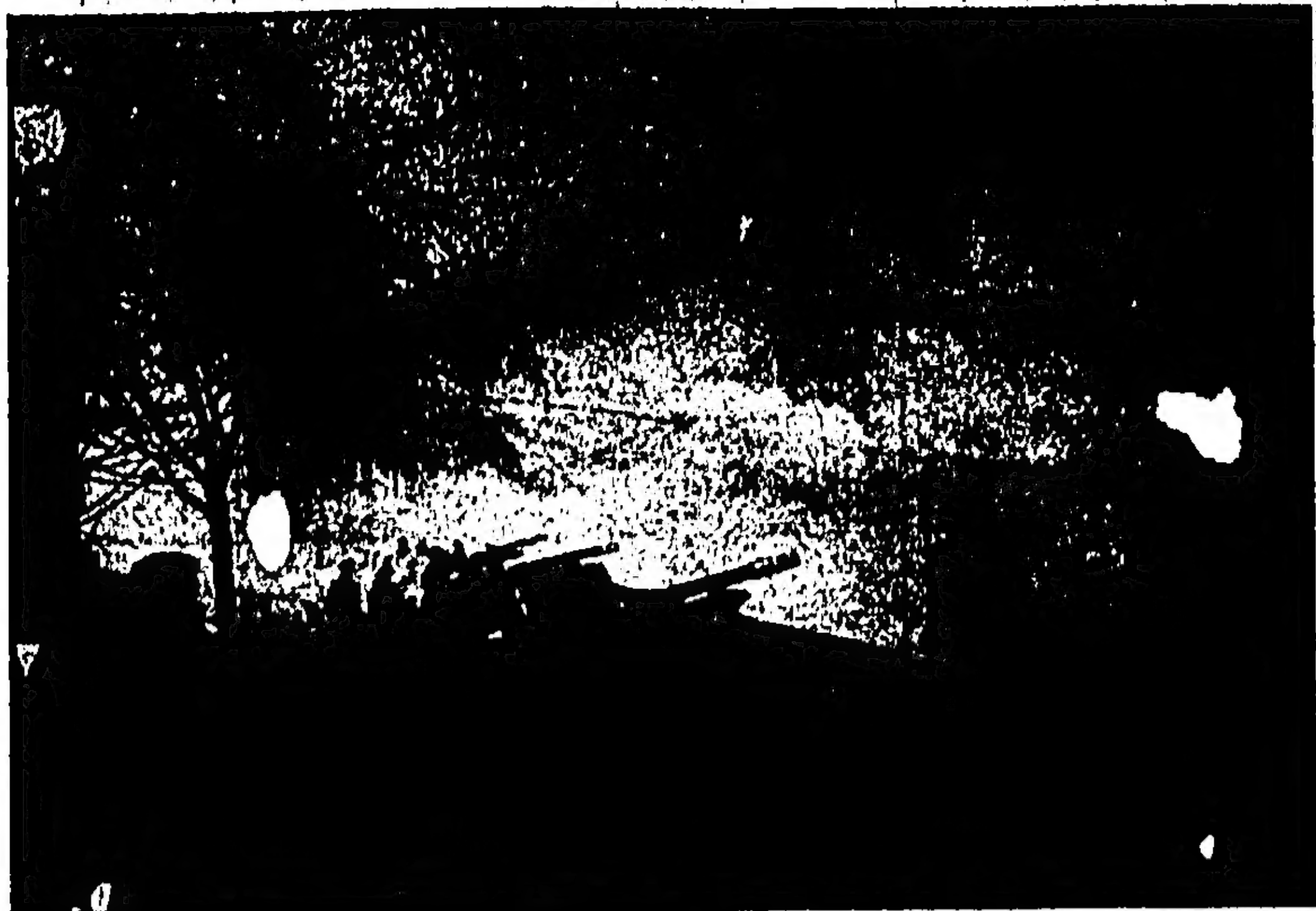
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



TO mark the second anniversary of the Queen's Accession, a Royal salute of 62 guns was fired from the Tower of London by "A" Battery of the 1st Regiment, the Honourable Artillery Company. The 25 pounders used are seen in "action."



MISS Barbara Goalen, the well known fashion model, and her fiance, Mr Nigel Campbell. In the last five years, Miss Goalen's name has become as famous as a film star's. Mr Campbell is a Lloyd's underwriter. (Express)



LAST summer's harvest in Yorkshire was damaged by wood pigeons and cost farmers thousands of pounds. This year the National Farmers' Union organised a mass attack on the pigeons, and thousands of guns have been out since the beginning of the month. (Express)



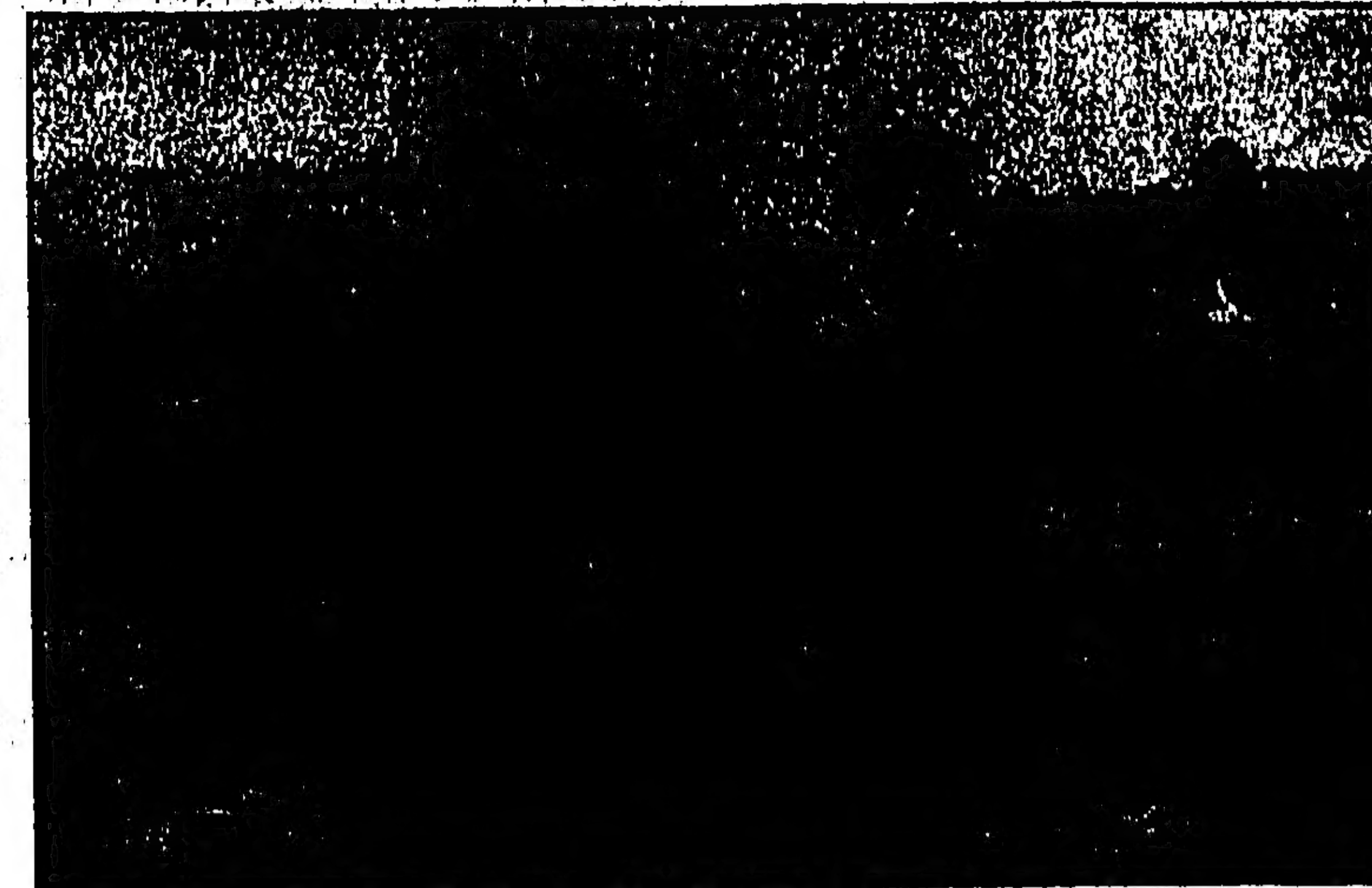
THE Royal Air Force record-breaking Canberra, Aries IV, with its crew of three (right) before leaving for a series of test flights around the North Magnetic Pole. The other three are the crew of a Hastings aircraft who will act as "back-up" to the Canberra.



WHEN Vivien Leigh slipped and broke her wrist, her understudy, Greta Watson, 23-year-old Edinburgh girl, took her part for one night in "The Sleeping Prince" at London's Phoenix Theatre. Greta is seen with her mother who flew specially to see her big break. (Express)

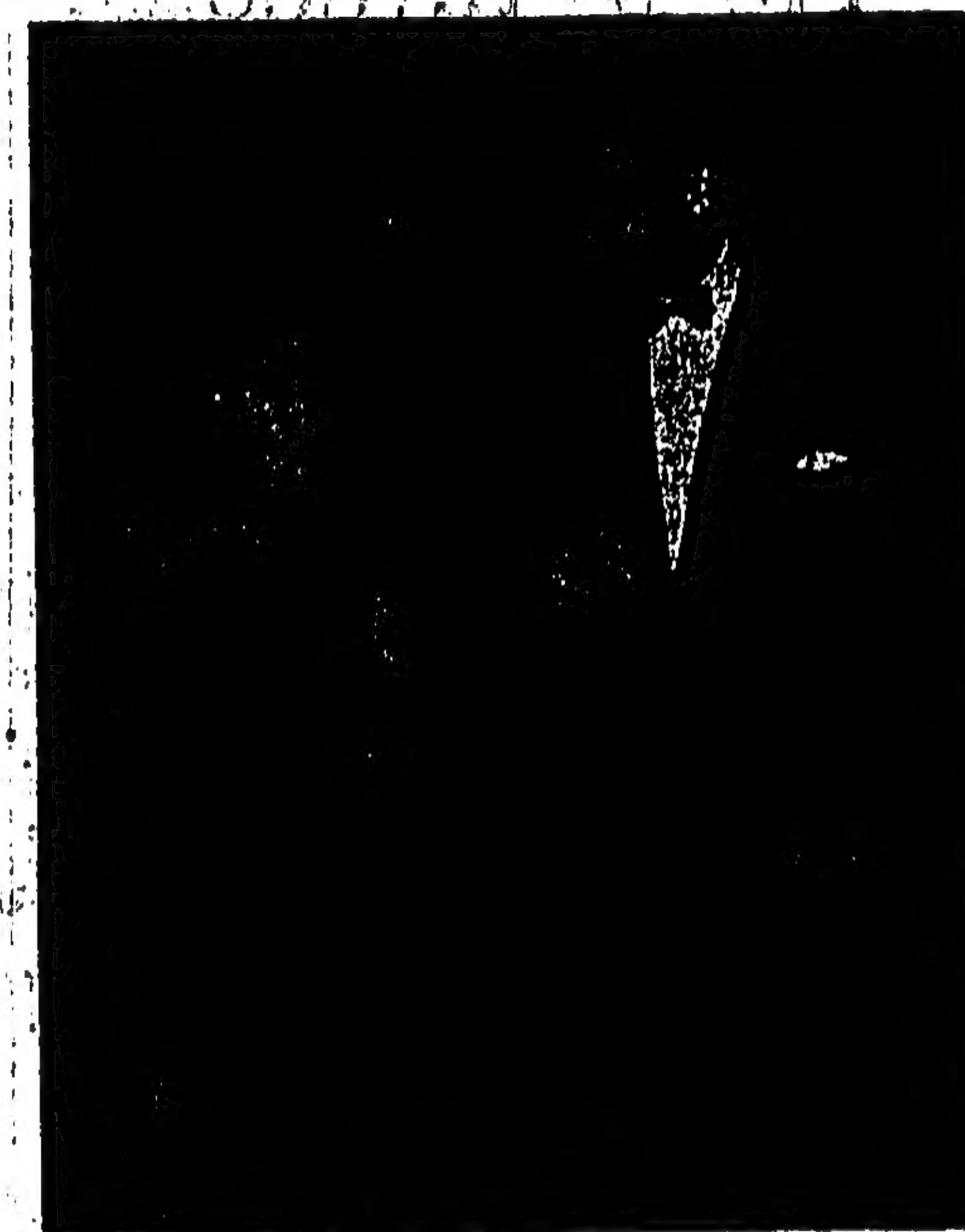


MISS Gwendoline Peake, 20, of Wood Green, London, is the first (unofficial) woman Home Guard in Britain. She is receiving signalling instruction from her father, Sgt Jim Peake, in whose unit, the 28th Middlesex Battalion, Wood Green Company, she will shortly be enrolled.

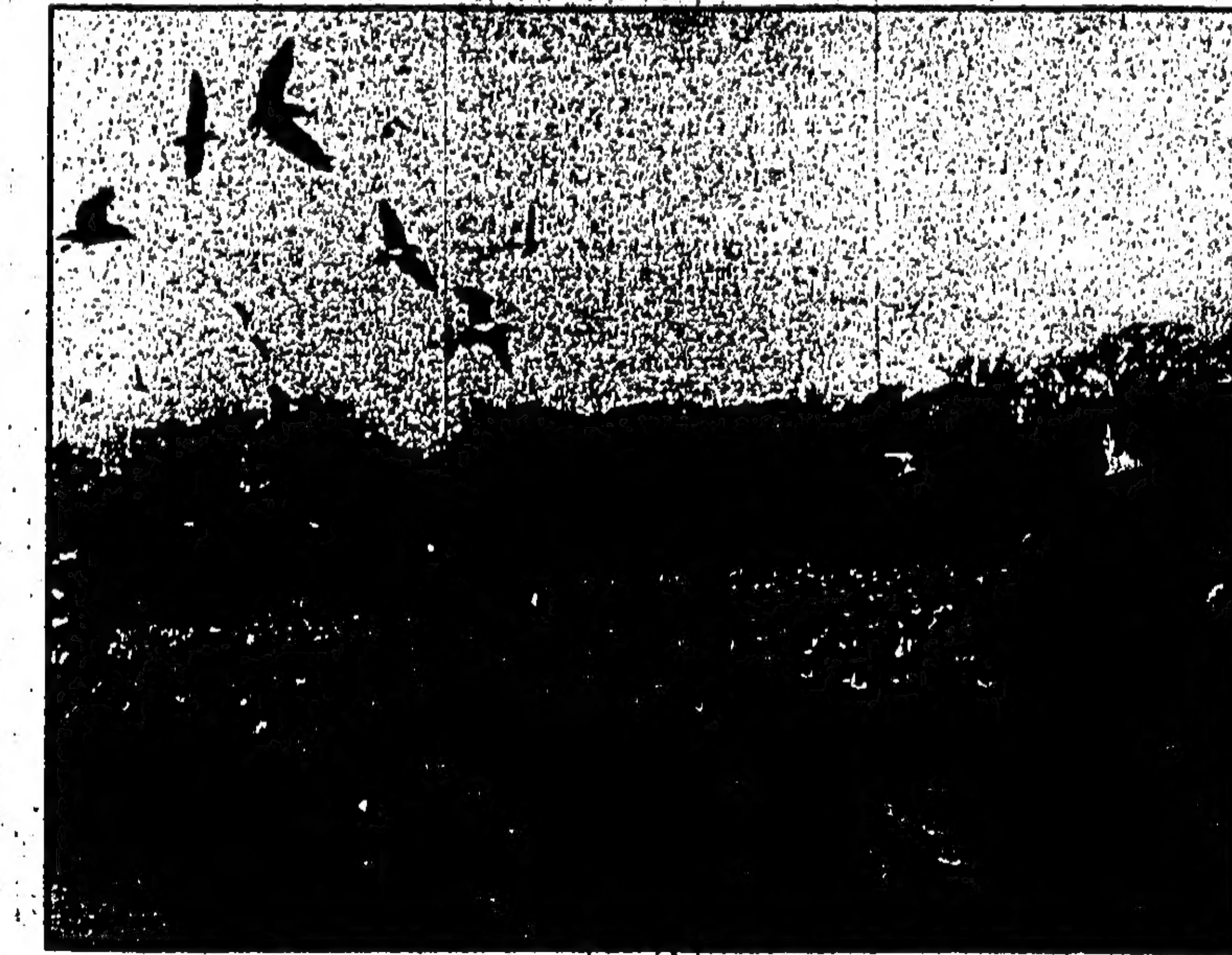


BELOW: Blond Anya Linden, 21, and David Blair, also 21, practise for their debut in the Bluebird Pas de Deux in Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Beauty" for the new Sadler's Wells ballet season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. (Express)

FIELD-MARSHAL The Earl Alexander of Tunis, Minister of Defence, was the inspecting officer at the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, when the latest group of officer cadets passed out. He is seen presenting the sword of honour to Senior Under Officer Lord P. T. de la Beresford. (Army News)



FILM actor Stewart Granger arrives at the New Theatre, London, with his former wife, actress Elspeth March, and their daughter Lindsay. They went for the first night of the new "Charley's Aunt." (Express)



WHEN the ice which had covered the Round Pond at Kensington was broken after the recent cold spell, the swans and birds which frequent it immediately settled on the water. Some visitors are feeding them from the side. (Express)

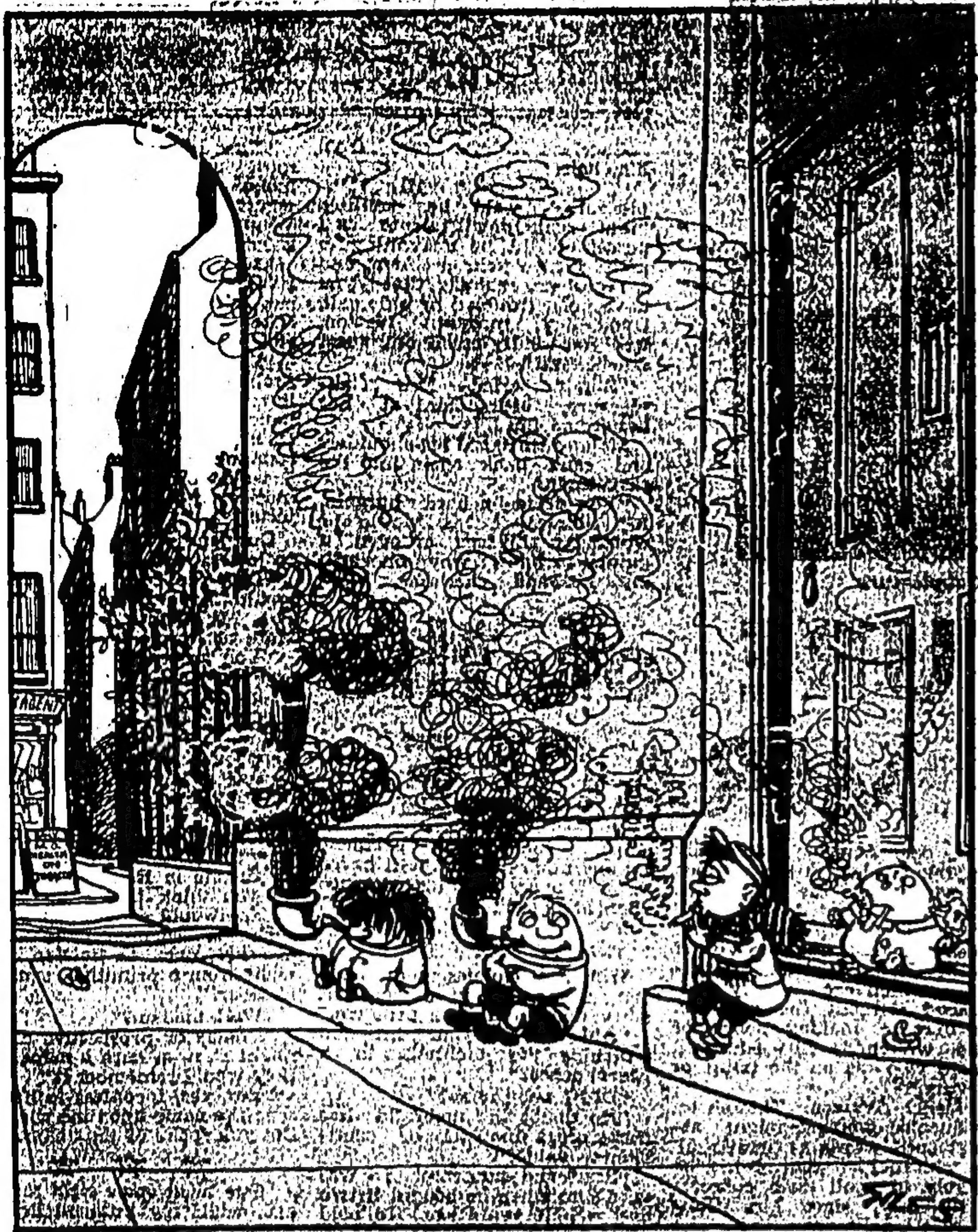
NANCY

Such Consideration

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK
MAGIC
CHOCOLATES



"You want to lay off fags, Smiffy."

London Express Service

WOULD YOU KNOW A TREASURE WHEN YOU SAW IT?

A MAN in Glasgow buys a small sideboard for 15s. His wife doesn't like it—she is delighted when a local dealer offers £15 for it. Her husband gets stub-

born—refuses to sell. Eventually the determined dealer buys the sideboard for £45.

This is a small, not uncommon example of antique treasure-hunting, happened in 1929. The Glasgow citizen made a very good profit; but the sideboard was a fine Sheraton one and the dealer made an even larger profit simply because he was more knowledgeable on market values than the original discoverer.

This story embodies all the important principles of treasure-seeking. Can you recognise a treasure when you see it? And if you can, do you know where to sell it?

For treasures are still waiting to be found, even though antiques become scarcer every year.

Go for rarities

Whenever a great find is made, such as the Guardi picture sold for \$700 (cost: 2s. 6d.), amateur treasure-seekers immediately start looking for Guardi. They would do better to look for rarities which have not been so well publicised.

In pottery, for instance, it is still possible to find a dull-looking Delft dish for a few shillings which is worth many pounds. But in porcelain it is most unlikely that a fine Chelsea bird will be picked up for less than the several hundreds it is always worth, simply because porcelain values are better known, and more easily recognised, than pottery values.

Study the market

In still rarer objects you can even be more successful. In 1914, a collector of scientific instruments picked up a dusty telescope which turned out to be dated 1646, the oldest known optical instrument. In Philadelphia, a local doctor collects marks used by tribal witch-doctors in curing disease, and even in America, where collectors of high light, "connoisseurs" are busy many bargains. For it is a recognised expert in his field.

Specialists in really obscure categories stand the best chance of making finds, for even the most experienced dealer has only a general working knowledge. To reap fully the benefit of a rare find, the discoverer must be able to cap the knowledge of the dealer.

Treasure hunters, therefore, should study the market as well as the aesthetics of whatever they seek.

Sheer luck

A find you may make without study is the unexpected one, treasure-trove style. Every old desk contains secret drawers which have been known to yield loot in the form of unknown diaries or manuscripts.

An old French polisher, well-known in the London trade, used to talk of the large quantity of gold sovereigns he once found hidden in a horse-hair sofa. After that, he would search Polish, any horse-hair sofa very cheaply.

With the same kind of sheer luck, a Newcastle dealer in 1939 bought a bronze Buddha from a sailor. He discovered that the figure had a false base; inside were several hundred pounds' worth of jewels. By and large, however, it is a waste of time trying to unscrow bronze Buddhas.

A really accomplished treasure-seeker can often find a bargain at an auction. With the current scarcity of goods, auctioneers do their best to make sure that no rarity passes uncatalogued, but they are not infallible.

£50 picture — £1

Sometimes a "mixed" lot consisting of odds and ends too unimportant to be catalogued separately, will contain some small rarity which has been overlooked. On one occasion a "mixed" lot for 14s. which contained a small Dresden piece worth £50.

Sometimes bad weather prevents dealers from getting to a country auction, and important items will go for a song.

Once in 1894 a fight broke out between two dealers, at an auction room. Interested in the fight was a high Dutch painter, the wife of a Dutch doctor, a South London doctor, who had kept his studio on the job. Mr. Stevenson sold the picture within a few hours for £200.

Every dealer has constantly to find treasures which are sufficiently profitable to yield him a living. In the dealer's routine (which is the most consistent treasure-hunt of all), knowledge is the best divining rod.

Treasure-hunting is nevertheless a beginner's neighbour game. When the loser is a dealer, like the barrow-boy in Kensington who recently sold several thousand pounds' worth of Italian cameos for 45s., very little objection is raised to the game. But sometimes the loser is a church bazaar, like one last year at which a William and Mary footstool was sold for a shilling. If you find a rarity someone has to lose, and the thrill of treasure-hunting lies in finding a rarity for practically nothing. But its satisfactions are greatest when the game is won skilfully against a fitting opponent.

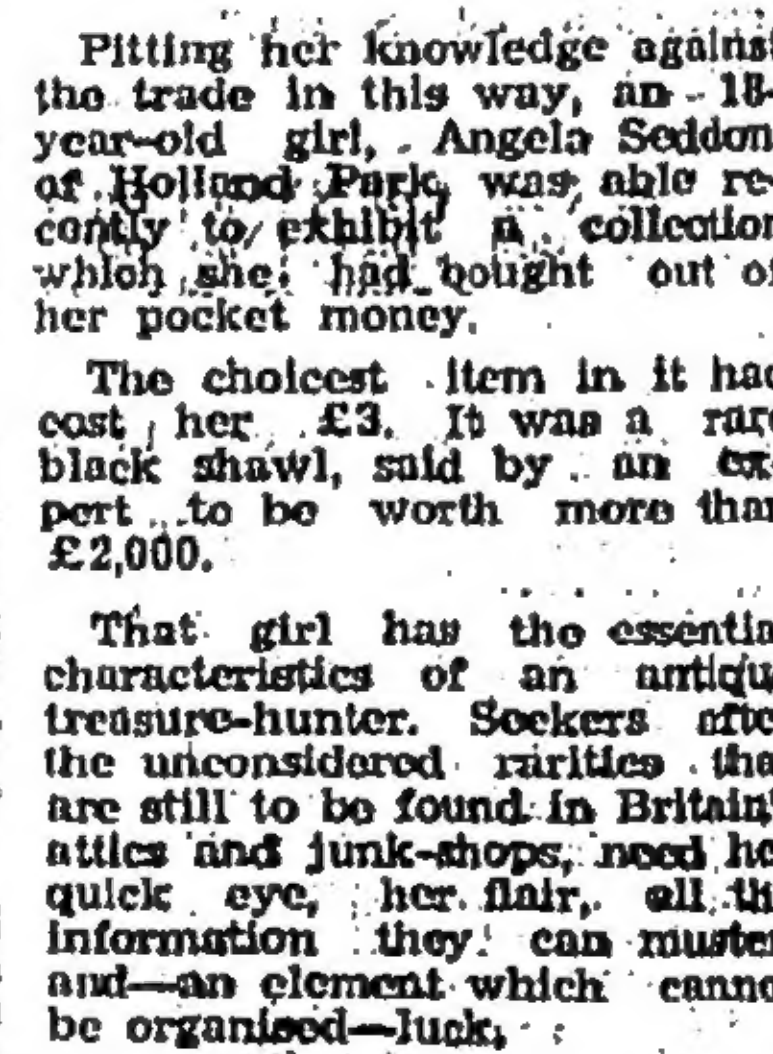
£2,000 shawl

Pitting her knowledge against the trade in this way, an 18-year-old girl, Angela Seddon, of Holland Park, was able recently to exhibit a collection which she had bought out of her pocket money.

The choicest item in it had cost her £3. It was a rare black shawl, said by an expert to be worth more than £2,000.

That girl has the essential characteristics of an antique treasure-hunter. Seekers after the unconsidered rarities that are still to be found in Britain's attics and junk-shops, need her quick eye, her flair, all the information they can muster, and an element which cannot be organised—luck.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



So often, every time I feel the urge for a cigarette, I go to my pocket and find a watch.



So often, every time I feel the urge for a cigarette, I go to my pocket and find a watch.

In The Village Of Hideaways, Red George Is Boss

THE REMARKABLE WAY MEN LIVE WHO HAVE FLED TO THE RUSSIANS

By RENE MACCOLL

BERLIN. THE name is Bautzen. Never heard of it? Nor had I until I came to Berlin.

It is an across-the-iron-curtain town of about 45,000 people, east of Dresden and right down in the south-eastern corner of present-day Germany, where the borders of the Russian sector, Poland, and Czechoslovakia meet.

Bautzen is a rather special sort of place. You could call it a Russian-style reception centre.

A place where grown-up men get sent to school. A place where men from the West—Britain, the United States, and France—are made welcome, offered jobs, and looked after.

I attended here in the British sector of Berlin the court martial of a young British soldier. He was a short, pale, clean-shaven chap named Hugh Sharp.

His unit is the 1st Battalion The King's Own Yorkshire

Light Infantry and he comes from Whitehaven, in Cumberland. And before the court martial even began—a scrupulously fair process under the presidency of a major, the Gordon Highlanders and steered by a silkily soft-spoken, powdered Judge—Advocate-General—it was almost a certainty that we would be hearing of Bautzen. And so we did.

Here is Hugh Sharp's story as told in machine-gun bursts of broad Cumberland dialect the pleaded not guilty to the charge of deserting himself without leave in May of last year but guilty to the lesser charge of "losing by neglect" some of his Army equipment and clothing.

It seems that Hugh Sharp had a German girl friend, Anna, whom he planned to marry. But he told the court, her mother was none too keen on the match as she did not want Anna to leave Germany to go to live in England.

'The Vopos'

HUGH SHARP decided to reason in person with his presumptive mother-in-law who lives in the Russian sector of Berlin. Wearing his British Army battledress and carrying his paybook and leave pass, as required by the regulations, he bought an underground railway ticket and duly arrived in the Russian sector.

But he had been there only ten minutes and was still walking towards the house where his fiancée's mother lives, when he was picked up by the tough "Vopos" (short for Volkspolizei, or East German police).

That started what must have been a very strange eight months in the life of Hugh Sharp, of Whitehaven, Cumberland. There, followed, he related, a long series of interrogations, goings and comings. He was taken to Potsdam, then for six weeks to Dresden. In Dresden a man named "George" entered the story. Who asked the Judge-Advocate-General, was this "George"?

'Head man'

"Oh," said Hugh Sharp, "he was the head man over there. He is the head of the Russian secret service. "George" tried to tempt Hugh Sharp. How would he like, asked "George", to go to a place called Bautzen and get a nice job there? Well, Hugh was "getting frightened" that they wouldn't let me go so he said Yes, he would try Bautzen.

Hugh, sitting rigid and respectfully on his seat in the courtroom, which is normally a cinema in the British Army's educational centre—said that he made four separate attempts to escape from Bautzen. Sometimes he tried it alone, once with two Americans and two other Britons. But the first three times he was caught.

Hugh Sharp, aged 24, sent to school in Bautzen. What did he learn? German and the "social sciences", he replied.

QUESTION: Did you learn anything? YES—but I did not have a very good name.

Once Hugh Sharp got 14 days' solitary confinement—and then "George" turned up again with questions about Hugh's intentions.

Hugh said he was paid some money at the start for his work and country. This he spent on extra food. When they got him after his third escape attempt he was sentenced to four months in jail.

Then, last month, wearing civvies, Hugh Sharp finally made it back to Berlin—by the simple expedient of taking a train out of Bautzen. He looked up his Anna, here, in the Western sector and asked her to call the police, and that was that.

One major

AND in court Hugh strenuously denied that he signed any paper put before him by "George", saying that he was willing to live permanently in Germany's Eastern zone and so help to work for "democratic socialism".

The court found Hugh Sharp not guilty on the first charge. On the other one concerning his lost equipment, he was sentenced, subject to confirmation, to 30 days' detention and fined £25. The court also found that Hugh Sharp was a "socialist" and that he was a "British soldier living in the

life in that shadowy Communist world. Ten or 12 Britons are charged every year with being absent without leave in the Russian zone.

Some stay there. Most come back. A British major, the highest ranking man ever to go East—and he is still away, but it is almost never alleged that any of the Tommies go through that barbed-wire curtain because of ideological compulsion.

British way

THE reasons are always personal ones—usually woman trouble, or a bit of bother coming up with the British authorities. Just the reasons which cause over-burdened civilians every now and then to decide to disappear.

Think, then, of that strange little colony down there in Bautzen, with their own club, their pocket money, and going to that school where they are taught "social science."

And of "George"—always "George" in the background.

The scene in the court martial was a solemn one. For here was a young man facing a serious charge. And I had only to turn my head to see outside the window the hideous red-brick of Spandau, where the top Nazi war criminals still eke out their days.

But the irresistible British Army way of solving things brought a tiny snigger even to this tense scene. For as the Judge-Advocate-General was reading the list of equipment which Hugh Sharp was alleged to have negligently mislaid, he intoned the matchless item: "One drawers' wooden, 10s. 6d."

(London Express Service)

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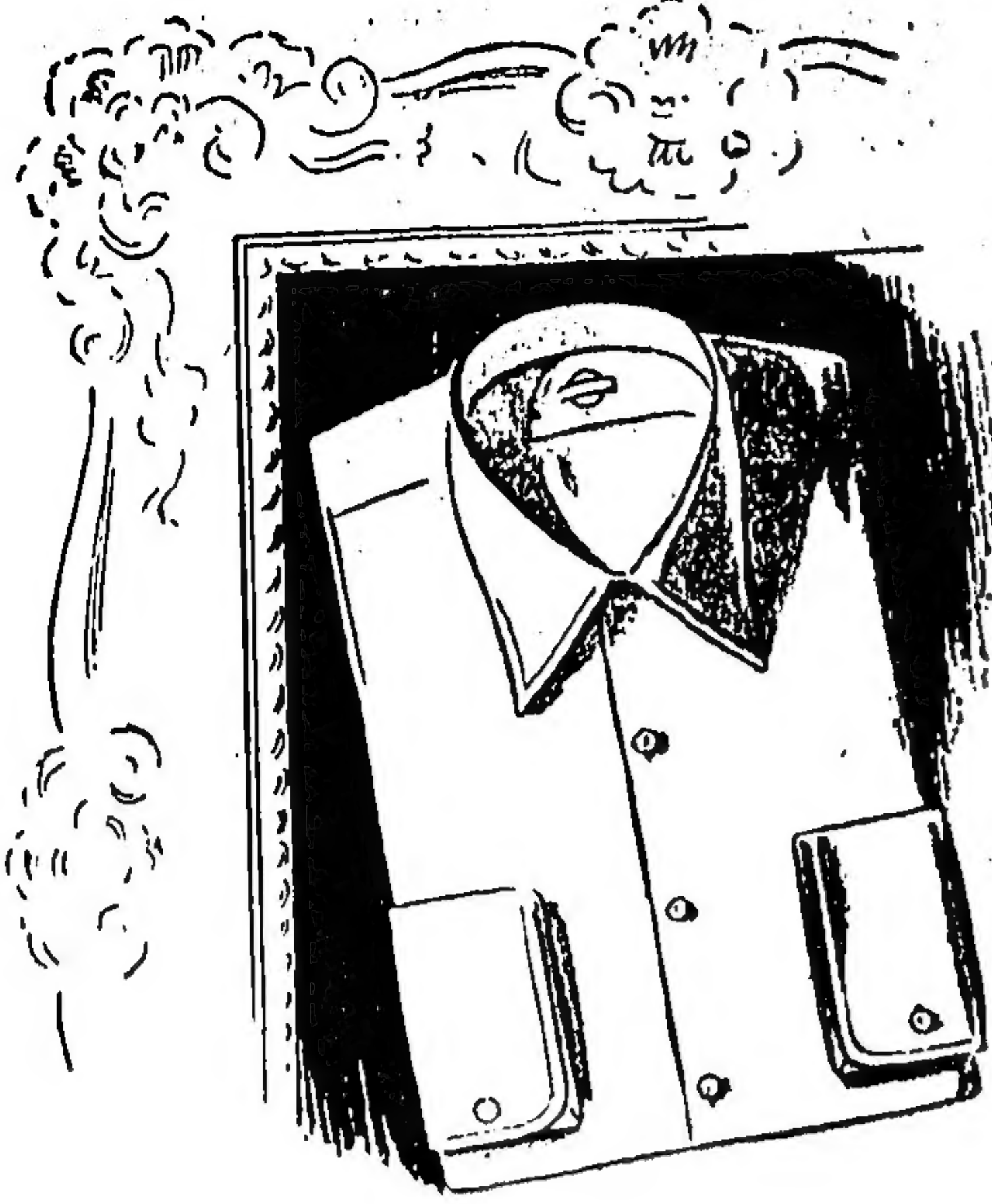
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THE NEW EXPLOITS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

THOUGH we were accustomed to receiving strange telegrams at our rooms in Baker Street, there was one which served to introduce an affair unique even in the annals of Mr Sherlock Holmes.

I had met Holmes for a stroll in Regent's Park one dark, drizzling, but not too cold, afternoon in December, during which we discussed certain personal affairs of mine with which I need not burden the reader. When we returned to the snug sitting-room at four o'clock, Mrs Hudson brought up the telegram along with a substantial ten-tray. It was addressed to Holmes, and ran thus:

"Can you imagine man worshipping umbrellas? Husbands are irrational. Suspect chicanery with diamonds. Will call upon you tea-time. — Mrs Gloria Cabpleasure."

I rejoiced to see a gleam of interest flash in Sherlock Holmes' deep-set eyes. "What's this, what's this?" said he, with unusual appetite he attacked the hot buttered scones and jam. "Highgate postmark, hardly a fashionable area, and despatched at three seven-teen. Study it, Watson."

At this time—do be more precise, it was late December of the year 1888—I was not living in Baker Street, but I had come for a few days to visit old haunts. "It is possible," continued Holmes, snatching back the telegram to read it again, "that there may be in London two women with the singular and even striking name of Gloria Cabpleasure. But I doubt it. You are acquainted with the lady, then?"

"No, no, I have never even seen her. Still, I fancy she must be a certain beauty-specialist who—in any event, what do you make of this?"

"Well, it presents that feature of the bizarre which is so dear to you. Can you imagine man worshipping umbrellas? But it is a little difficult."

"True, Watson. A woman, however extravagant she may be in large matters, is usually economical in small. Mrs Cabpleasure has been so thrifty of her 'ans' and 'thes' that I am not at all sure of her meaning."

"Does it mean that a certain man worships a certain umbrella? Or is man in the abstract, Englishmen, perhaps, decreed to bow down to the umbrella as his tribal deity and shield against the climate? At least, what can we deduce from it?"

"Deduce? From the telegram?"
"Of course."
"I was glad to laugh, since for the same brief time I had been feeling rheumatic and less than young."

"Holmes, we cannot possibly deduce. We can only guess."

"Tut, how often must I tell

you that I never guess? It is a shocking habit, destructive of the logical faculty."

"And yet were I to adopt your own somewhat didactic manner, I should say that nothing affords less opportunity to the reasoner than a telegram, because it is so brief and impersonal."

"Then I fear you would be wrong."

"Confound it, Holmes—"

"Yet, consider. When a man writes me a letter of a dozen pages, he may conceal his true nature in a cloud of words. When he is obliged to be terse, however, I know him at once. You may have remarked a similar thing in public speakers."

"But this is a woman. 'Yes, Watson, no doubt the fact makes a difference. But let me have your views. Come! Apply to a study of this telegram your own natural shrewdness.'"

THUS challenged, and flustering myself that in the past I had not been altogether unhelpful to him, I did as I was requested.

"Well," said I, "Mrs Cabpleasure is surely very inconceivable, since she makes an appointment without confirming it, and seems to think your time is her own."

"Capitulate, Watson. You improve with the years. What else?"

"Inspiration rushed upon me. 'Holmes, the word 'Mrs' in so compressed a message is totally unnecessary! I think I see it all!'"

"Better still, my dear fellow," said Sherlock Holmes, throwing down his napkin and clapping his hands together without noise. "I shall be happy to hear your analysis."

"Mrs Gloria Cabpleasure, Holmes, is a young bride. Being still in the proud flush of her newly wedded name, she is so insistent upon it that she uses it even in this message. What could be more natural? Especially when we think of a happy, perhaps beautiful, young woman."

"Yes, yes. But be good enough Watson, to omit the descriptive passages and come to the point. I am sure of it!"

"By Jove, I am sure of it!" said I. "It supports my first modest deduction too. The poor girl is inconsiderate, let us say, merely because she is pampered by an affectionate young husband."

"But my friend shook his head."

"Think not, Watson. If she were in the first strong pride of so-called wedded bliss, she would have signed herself 'Mrs Henry Cabpleasure,' or 'Mrs George Cabpleasure,' or whatever the name of her husband."

In fact, there may not be any noise at all; perhaps the Inspector-on-Duty has slipped quietly into the corridor for a smoke.

Yet at times it can be the most dramatic of places, full of life and activity, and these rooms people of all kinds come and go, people who want help.... people who have done wrong.... people who will stay behind to receive just punishment for their crimes.

Behind the huge desk, which is the main furniture of the office, sits the I.O.D., usually a Sub-Inspector, who may be Chinese or European, young or old, ambitious or contented, friendly or officious.... but all with one thing in common—a sense of responsibility.

In front of the I.O.D. rests a report-book, into which he must meticulously write the "concise details of every case he deals with. His facts must be accurate, then carefully entered into the book.

A typewriter, a map, a telephone, the "No Smoking" sign—they are all part and parcel of the fascinating room, that comes half-way between the sitting of criminals and the courts in which they are tried.

A weird machine spits and splutters as messages are received from other stations.



"Stop!" cried Mrs. Cabpleasure.

The ADVENTURE of the HIGHGATE MIRACLE

"My dear Watson, I do really beg your pardon. I had no idea you would take the matter so seriously."

"For shame! In popular esteem, at least, only the vulgar live at Highgate and Highgate, which are usually pronounced without the aspirate. You may be making sport of some wretched, ill-educated female who is on the point of starving."

"Hardly, Watson. Though an ill-educated woman might attempt such words as 'irrational' and 'chicanery,' she would be unlikely to spell them correctly. Similarly, since Mrs Cabpleasure tells us that she suspects false dealing in a matter of diamonds, we may assume she does not scavenge her bread from dust-bins."

"She has been married for some years? And happily?"

"We live in an age of propriety, Watson; and I confess I prefer it so."

"What on earth has that to do with the matter?"

"Only a woman who has been married for years, and hence past her first youth, will so candidly write in a telegram under the eye of a post-office clerk—her belief that all husbands are irrational. You must perceive some sign of unhappiness, together with a dominating nature."

"Secondary inference: since the charge of chicanery appears to relate to diamonds, this marriage must be even more unhappy than are most."

"But her origin?"
"Pray rephrase the last sentence of the telegram. Only a Scot or an American says, 'Will call upon you when he, or in this case she, means the 'shall' of simple futurity, which would be used as a matter of course by any Englishwoman educated by the Englishwoman's Educational Society." "
"I—stay a moment! You stated, not as fancy but as fact, that she must be handsome!"

"Ah, I can say only that it is probable. And the hypothesis comes not from the telegram."

"Then from where?"
"Come, did I not tell you I believe her to have been a beauty specialist? Such ladies are seldom actually hideous-looking; else they are no strong advertisement for their own wares. But this, if I mistake not, is our client now."

While he had been speaking we heard a loud and decisive ring of the bell from below. There was some delay, during which the caller presumably expected our landlady to escort her formally to our sitting-room. Sherlock Holmes, putting away the violin and its bow, waited expectantly until Mrs Gloria Cabpleasure entered the room.

She was certainly handsome—tall, stately, of almost queenly bearing, though perhaps too haughty, with an abundance of rather brassy fair hair, and cold blue eyes. Clad in sable over a costly gown of dark-blue velvet, she wore a beige hat ornamented with a large white bird.

Disclaiming my offer to remove her outer coat, while Holmes performed introductions with easy courtesy, Mrs Cabpleasure cast round one glance.... which seemed to sum up unfavourably our humble room, and its boy, huddle together for companionship during the night before they sleep they resolve to run a little faster next time the Police see them selling oranges on the main road, or not to pay too much attention to the shoes they were skimming but better to keep an eye on the steel-footed Police.

The telephone is not just a piece of machinery—it is an instrument which can spell life or death. Every time it rings the I.O.D. has no idea what it may mean. It is just "you waiting to know it. Harry's in the kitchen, or perhaps a taxi-driver, is having trouble with his fare. Or then again maybe the next call will be IT, the big case that is liable to blow at any time."

"My fees never vary," said when I remit them altogether. "Come, Mr Holmes, I fear you think to take advantage of a poor weak woman! But in this case it will not do."

"Indeed, madam?"
"No, sir. Before I employ what you will forgive me for terming a professional eye, and risk being overcharged, I must ascertain, ask you to state your exact fee."

"You may certainly be under-stand it, you."

By Adrian
Conan Doyle & John Dickson Carr

Sherlock Holmes rose from his chair.
"I am afraid, Mrs Cabpleasure," said he, smiling, "that such small talents as I possess might be unavailing to assist you in your problem, and I regret exceedingly that you have been troubled by this call. Good day, madam. Watson will very kindly escort our guest downstairs."

"Stop!" cried Mrs Cabpleasure, biting hard at her handsome lip.
Holmes shrugged his shoulders and sank back again into the easy-chair.

"You drive a hard bargain, Mr Holmes. But it would be worth ten shillings or even a guinea to know why on earth my husband cherishes, wor-

"That is suggestive. That is most suggestive! My friend looked thoughtful. 'But of what? We—yes, yes, Watson? What is it? You appear to have become impatient.'"

Though it was not often that I ventured to vouchsafe my own suggestion before Holmes, had asked for one, upon this occasion I could not forbear.

"Holmes," cried I, "surely this problem is not too difficult? It is an umbrella; it has a curved handle, which is probably thick. In a hollow handle, or perhaps some other part of the umbrella, it would be easy to hide diamonds or other valuable objects."

Our guest did not even deign to look at me.
"Do you imagine that I would have stooped to visit you, Mr Holmes, if the answer were as simple as all that?"

"You are sure it is not the true explanation?" Holmes asked quickly.

"Quite sure, I am sharp, Mr Holmes," said the lady, whose handsome profile did in truth appear to have a knife edge. "I am very sharp. Let me illustrate. For years after my marriage I consented to provide over the Madame Dubarry Salon de Beauté in Bond Street. Why do you think that a McRae of McRae would condescend to use such a cognomen as Cabpleasure, open as it is to comment from a primitive sense of humours?"

"Well, madam?"
"Clients or prospective clients might stare at such a name. But they would remember it."

"Yes, yes, I confess to having seen the name upon the window. But you spoke of the umbrella?"

"One night some eight months ago, while my husband lay in slumber, I went privily into his sleeping-chamber from my own, removed the umbrella from beside his bed, and took it downstairs to an artisan."

"An artisan?"
"A rough person, employed in the manufacture of umbrellas, whom I had summoned to Happiness Villa, The Arbour, Highgate for that purpose. This person took the umbrella to pieces and restored it so ingeniously that my husband was never aware of it. It had been examined. Nothing was concealed inside; nothing could be concealed inside. It is a shabby umbrella and no more."

"None the less, madam, he may set great store by the umbrella only as some men cherish a good-luck charm."
On the contrary, Mr Holmes, he has said to me on more than one occasion, 'that umbrella will be the death of me; yet I must not relinquish it.'"

"H'm! He made no further explanation?"
"None! And even suppose he keeps the umbrella as a good-luck charm, which he does not! When in a moment of abstraction he leaves it behind for only a few seconds, in house or office, why does he utter a cry of dread and hasten back for it? If you are not stupid, Mr Holmes, you must have some notion. But I see the matter is beyond you."

Holmes was grey with anger and mortification.
"It is a very pretty little problem," said he. "At the same time, I fail to see what action I can take. So far I have heard no facts to indicate that your husband is a criminal or even in the least vicious."

"Then it was not a crime, I daresay, when yesterday he stole a large number of diamonds from a safe belonging jointly to himself and to his business partner, Mr Mortimer Brown?"

Holmes raised his eyebrows.
"H'm. This becomes very interesting."

"Oh, yes," said our fair visitor, coolly. "Yesterday, before returning home, my husband paid a visit to his office. Subsequently there arrived at our home a telegram sent to him by Mr Mortimer Brown. It read as follows: 'Did you remove from our safe 20 diamonds belonging to the Cowles-Dermingham lot?'"

"H'm! Your husband showed you the telegram, and he said, 'No, I merely criticised a perfect right to open it.' But you questioned him as to its contents?"

"Naturally not, since I preferred to bide my time. Late last night, though little he suspects I followed him, my husband crept downstairs, and held a whispered conversation in the mist with some unseen person just outside a ground-floor window. I could overhear only two sentences. 'Be outside the gate before eight-thirty, on Thursday morning,' said my husband. 'Don't fail me!'"

"And what did you take to be the meaning of it?"
"Outside the gate of our house, of course! He always leaves punctually at 8.30. And Thursday, Mr Holmes, that is tomorrow morning. Whatever original scheme the wretch has prepared, it will reach fruition tomorrow. But you must be there to interview him."

"You may certainly be under-stand it, you."

Sherlock Holmes, who had been sitting with his fingers pressed together and his long legs stretched out, gave a slight start.

"The full year, madam," demanded he, "how long ago you remarked that Mrs Cabpleasure had bought the umbrella two and a half years ago. Am I to understand that his wedding date from just a year ago?"

"You may certainly be under-stand it, you."

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HARNESSING ATOMIC POWER FOR PRACTICAL USES . . .

Chapter 8 of an interesting, revealing series by GORDON DEAN, Chairman, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, 1950-53

It will be recalled from previous articles that the devices in which atomic fuels are burned are called nuclear reactors. Since many people are accustomed to thinking of a nuclear reaction in terms of a fire, they are also frequently called "atomic furnaces."

There are about as many kinds of nuclear reactors as there are coal, gas and oil furnaces. Some are compact, with fuel receptacles no bigger than a football, while others are as large as a house.

The kind of reactor one chooses to build depends largely upon what one wishes to do with it. If the objective is to produce a dense atmosphere of neutrons to change uranium-238 into plutonium, that is one thing; if the objective is to develop a compact, high-powered engine for a submarine, that is quite another.

I have heard some people say, upon having a reactor described to them: "If that is all there is to this atomic power, business, why don't we just build ourselves some of these atomic furnaces, stoke them up good with atomic fuel, throw in a palful or two of heavy water, and let them go to work for us?"

First Reactor

This is, of course, an obvious question, but it implies that everything is a little simpler than is actually the case, and it ignores the immense differences between power per unit of fuel, and economically feasible power.

Every reactor that has ever been built has produced some power in the form of heat. The world's first reactor, the uranium and graphite pile built by Enrico Fermi in Chicago in 1942, reached a top power level of about 200 watts of heat energy (enough to light two average-sized lamps) for a very short period of time. It could not be allowed to go any higher, however, and it could not even stay at this low level for very

long, because it had no cooling system and no shield.

Since construction of the first pile at Chicago in 1942, the Manhattan Engineer District and the Atomic Energy Commission have built more than a score of research and development reactors, as well as a number of reactors designed for the sole purpose of producing plutonium. To gain a feeling for the trend of reactor development over the past ten years, it might be profitable to consider some of the projects that have played, or are now playing, a key role in its advancement.

One Purpose

The first of these went into service in 1944. The Hanford reactors have been designed for just one purpose: to produce neutrons from U-235 for changing uranium-238 into plutonium for bombs. They are fed with natural uranium, which contains both the uranium-235 fuel and the uranium-238 that is needed, and they run on neutrons slowed by graphite. The reactors are several stories high and contain thousands of blocks of graphite and thousands of cylinders of uranium (called "slugs") which are removed after months of nuclear cooking so that the newly created plutonium can be extracted.

The reactors are cooled by purified water from the nearby Columbia River. So much heat is generated that a good part of the Columbia must be pumped through them, and the temperature of the river below the Hanford plant is raised by a measurable amount. Not only is power wasted in this way, but power must also be used to pump the water through the reactors. It is therefore a doubly wasteful process.

The trouble with the Hanford reactors, so far as power production is concerned, is that the heat produced in them is measured more in terms of quantity rather than of temperature, and high temperature is really what is needed if steam is to be made and useful power is to be produced efficiently. The reactors could no doubt be rigged up to produce some usable power, but studies have shown that it would be extremely expensive

compared with other power available in the Northwest.

This reactor, completed in 1950 as a research facility for the Brookhaven National Laboratory, is generally similar to the Oak Ridge Graphite Reactor, except that it is larger and operates at a much higher power level—30,000 kilowatts. It uses natural uranium as fuel and graphite as the neutron moderator. The shield is of iron and concrete, and the cooling agent is air.

This was the first research reactor to produce enough heat at a sufficiently high temperature to permit the generation of some usable power, but it has never been used for this purpose. The cooling air leaves the reactor at a temperature of 330 degrees F—not enough to operate a small steam power plant, but not hot enough to operate it efficiently.

Completed in 1951 at the Atomic Energy Commission's Reactor Testing Station in Idaho, this was the first reactor in the world to produce power to generate electricity. Although the electricity has been used to light the laboratory and operate its equipment, including the pumps that circulate the cooling agent through the reactor, the power production experiment is subsidiary to the main purpose of the reactor and is carried on for research purposes only.

Breeding

The main purpose of this experimental breeder reactor (EBR) is to investigate the process known as "breeding." The neutrons produced by a nuclear fire can be used to change U-238 into plutonium and thorium into U-233. The idea of "breeding" is to do this so efficiently that more fuel is created than is consumed in the process—a potential means of changing all the mineable uranium and thorium in the world into fissionable fuel. The Commission announced in June 1953 that breeding had been achieved in the EBR.

EBR's fuel is uranium-235 and its cooling agents are potassium and sodium. These liquid metals leave the EBR at a temperature of 680 degrees F, high enough to make steam efficiently. The steam operates a turbine that in turn drives an electric generator with a

capacity of 250 kilowatts, or enough to supply several blocks of modern homes. In case you would like one on your street, however, I think you should know that the EBR cost nearly \$3,000,000, exclusive of the cost of fuel. This is an example of usable power, but it is a far cry from economically feasible power.

Completed at Oak Ridge in 1952, the homogeneous reactor experiment (HRE) early this year became the second known reactor in the world to produce useful electric power. The power it produces is enough to supply electricity to about fifty homes, but, like the EBR, it would be expensive electricity. The reactor itself cost \$1,000,000 and it took about \$3,000,000 to develop it.

Atom Sub

The submarine thermal reactor (STR) is the land-based prototype of the engine that will go into the first atomic-powered submarine, the USS Nautilus, launched at Groton, Connecticut. The prototype, which recently began operating, is located at the Atomic Energy Commission's Testing Station in Idaho. The first sea-going model is under construction by the Westinghouse Corporation at the Commission's laboratory in Pittsburgh, and it is not too far behind the prototype.

For fuel, the STR uses uranium enriched in U-235 in the form of solid pieces of metal submerged in a tank of highly purified ordinary water that serves as both cooling agent and moderator. The heat produced by the reactor will be taken out by circulating water to a boiler where steam will be produced to operate a turbine to power the submarine as well as a turbo-generator to produce electricity.

It will not be economically feasible power but the controlling factor is military value, and the military value of the atomic submarine will be its ability to travel entirely submerged for thousands of miles.

The power plant of a normal submarine, while it is operating under water, is its storage batteries. An orthodox submarine can therefore travel under water at high speed for only a very short period before its batteries need recharging. To recharge, the submarine must use its

diesel engines, and, to use its diesels, which require oxygen and produce an exhaust, it must surface.

With an atomic engine, however, which requires no oxygen and which can operate for very long periods of time under water without refueling or recharging, the vessel has a range limited only by the endurance of the crew.

For Planes

The achievement of atomic-powered flight is one of the longest-range projects now being worked on in the field of atomic energy. It is also one of the most difficult and expensive. Work is nevertheless under way to develop an atomic aircraft engine for the U.S. Air Force, and a test facility is now under construction at the Commission's Reactor Testing Station in Idaho.

The great appeal of the aircraft reactor, and the unique-

teristic that makes it well worth working towards, is the almost unlimited range it promises to give our military aircraft. One might think in terms of several trips around the globe without the necessity of refueling. But there are a host of problems not encountered in other atomic power applications, and a major one is to design a shield that is light enough to be taken aloft and will at the same time protect the crew from dangerous radioactivity.

Shielding usually means lead, and lead is very heavy; and obviously in an airplane weight must be held to a minimum. These problems will be solved, however, and we shall some day see an airplane powered by a reactor.

(Copyright by Gordon Dean)

(Monday: Look behind the iron curtain—what our intelligence and scientists know Russia has accomplished in atomic energy field).

I NEED A SUIT, SAYS THE PRIME MINISTER

By James Wynter

Salisbury, South Rhodesia. WELL, how does it feel to be a Prime Minister? I asked the man who won the South Rhodesian General Election.

"I suppose I'll have to get a new suit," he said.

This Premier with the human touch is Reginald Stephen Garfield Todd—6ft. tall and with muscles which could have made him a boxer had he not preferred to be a missionary.

His United Rhodesia Party, which stands for partnership between white men and black men, knocked out the Confederate Party of Colonel G. R. Musgrave, who champions racial separation.

So strong was the support for Mr Todd's policy of partnership that his party won 28 of the 30

seats in the House. Independents got the other four.

How does a man get from a mission station to the top of the Government?

For Mr Todd the move-up started one night seven years ago when he heckled Sir Godfrey Huggins.

Sir Godfrey was impressed, and invited him to join the United Party. He became an M.P. And when Sir Godfrey was elected first Prime Minister of the Central African Federation last September, Mr Todd succeeded him as Prime Minister of South Rhodesia.

Now for a close-up of this husky man. He came from New Zealand with a degree in theology and settled with his wife at a mission in the bush. There they tended the Africans in sickness and health—dressing spear wounds, pulling

teeth, taking part in weddings, funerals too, and finding what the African wanted and needed to keep him well and happy.

That is part of Mr Todd's policy today. He says: "The African needs somewhere proper to live in family comfort with a long-term lease and security."

So the Premier proposes to build African settlements 15 miles from the towns and connected to them by swift and cheap transport.

This 45-year-old six-footer with the burning eyes of a man with visions starts work at 7 a.m. in shirt sleeves and types his own policy statements.

Sometimes he breakfasts alone on a raspberry milkshake and toasted cheese in a Salisbury milk bar.

There are never any armed detectives pacing outside to guard him.

CHILD SINGERS CRY WAY TO A FORTUNE

from DONALD LUDLOW

New York. A GROUP of precocious child singers in the United States are well on their way to becoming millionaires before they leave school—some before they are old enough, even, to read the fine print in their fat contracts.

The singers, from five-year-olds to teenagers, are lisp, sighing and crying their way through such immortal compositions as "I Want a Hippopotamus for Christmas"; "Too Old for Toys, Too Young for Boys"; "My Daddy is in

Korea and Mommy Cries All Day;" and "Three and Four is Eight."

The children—Jimmie Boyd 14; Gayla Peevey eight; Baby Pam, seven (plus a few others with such unlikely names as Texas Sunshine Ruby, Molly Bee, Sonny Boy, Nelly Honey and Kansas Pete)—now fill the air-waves from New York to San Francisco.

A curious aspect of this new fad is that people are prepared to pay fantastic sums for what many consider sheer punishment.

Jimmie Boyd, for example, has cleared more than half a million dollars in little more than a year. He has seven men working for him—manager, booking agents, publicists, secretaries. His parents have hired a full-time tutor to prevent his schooling interfering with his money-making efforts, and vice versa. The tutor recently was flown to Las Vegas, Nevada, to join Jimmie when the boy appeared on a three-week engagement at a combined hotel and gambling casino.

POPULAR FAVOURITE

Another popular favourite named Charlie Applewhite, a 13-year-old who towers 6ft. 2in., recently cashed in on the child-singer craze in New York.

Charlie, now a star of Milton Berle's weekly coast-to-coast television show moans in the manner of Johnny Ray for a fee of \$2,000 a week.

Little Gayla Peevey, an Ethel Merman-voiced eight-year-old, whose singing of "I Want a Hippopotamus for Christmas" sold more than half a million records just before Christmas, received her training singing weather commercials over an Oklahoma radio station.

Her warbling of that ballad proved so plaintive that sympathetic Oklahomans banded together, with some help from her Press agent, and bought Gayla a \$6,000 hippopotamus for Christmas.

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ANGLERS WILL BE HAPPY

By JOHN HENRY

HERE is a tale to gladden all anglers' hearts—how to make little ones into whoppers! Yes, American anglers have found the secret, which is to treat ponds and lakes with chemicals that fertilize the water weeds.

The treatment sets up a sort of chain-reaction cycle that ends with outsize fish snapping at anglers' lure.

The immediate effect is to increase the growth of the microscopic plant life upon which fish feed. A richer diet tempts the fishers into gorging themselves, bloated, and in multiplying their numbers. The bigger fish—who include tiddlers in their diet—batten upon their smaller companions, and as a result themselves wax fat as well as numerous.

Better plant food, bigger minnows; bigger minnows, better-fish big fellows. That's how the cycle works out.

Another point about this artificial stimulation of fish life has been the fact that the harder the ponds are fished, the better tomorrow's results may be. This is because the bigger fish must be reduced in numbers so as to give the youngsters a chance.

In Alabama, experiments have shown that whereas unfertilized ponds support, on average, not more than 200 lbs. of fish per acre of water, the same ponds, when treated with petroleum-chemical agents, can support up to 600 lbs. Much the same results have been obtained in waters treated in America's northern forests and game areas.

An accompanying service which chemical products are performing in the service of U.S. anglers is that of helping to eradicate unwanted water weeds.

The application of these "dressings" is extremely simple. On small ponds they can simply be scattered on to the water's surface from the banks. On larger ponds or lakes they are scattered from boats at strategic points. Then the angler just waits for the fish to grow!

THIS NEW SATURDAY SERIES BEGINS TODAY

Reincarnation

WHETHER or not you believe in reincarnation it is more than likely that sometime in your life you have met someone who has told you a story of how when they first visited a place it seemed vividly familiar, or that a person they have met for the first time seemed to be someone they have met before.

What is the reason for this? Do you think it is the result of a dream of long ago? Or do you think that it is just a question of remarkable similarity?

You will usually find that the person concerned is convinced that their strange reaction is far more than a dream. It is too vivid, too real.

What then is the answer? First of all consider the experiences of people still living today who are convinced that there is no other answer than reincarnation.

Here is the story of a woman, now nearly 80, living on the South Coast. She is now a widow, and I will call her Mrs. C. because, for obvious reasons, she does not want her identity to be known.

When she was in her late 20's Mrs. C. had what she described to me as "a memory."

It was a very vivid mental picture and it started with the view of a mosaic pathway. Then Mrs. C. became aware that on one side of this pathway was the entrance to a spacious house, and that on the other side was a covered courtyard, with the figure of a man seated at a rough-hewn wooden table.

From the house emerged the figure of a woman. It was with a shock Mrs. C. recognized the woman's features. They were her own.

With unhesitating steps the woman crossed the mosaic and stood before the seated man. She spoke to him, and Mrs. C. clearly heard these words:

"Have you nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

At that point the vision faded. Pondering about it, Mrs. C. found the words she had heard the woman use were those attributed to Procula, the wife of Pontius Pilate, and that they were used during the trial of Jesus.

Many times since then Mrs. C. experienced that same vision. "I can," she told me, "conjure it up at will, at any hour of the day or night."

"Why? There can, of course, be no proof that I am a reincarnation of Pilate's wife and therefore I make no claim to be. Yet the woman who crosses to the courtyard possesses my features and my figure."

Mrs. C. has been interested in reincarnation for more than half her life. Is this part of the reason for her belief?

By Parry Miller

Theologians will say that Pilate's wife did not speak those words to him, but sent a message. Does this knock down the reincarnation story beyond belief?

It is not as easy as that. Throughout the ages countless men and women have had experiences that made them believe they lived before. Indeed, it is still a fundamental part of the religion of certain peoples. Hindus and Buddhists accept it today. The Egyptians who first dwelt beside the Nile never doubted it. Nor did the dwellers in ancient Greece. In ancient Mexico and Peru it was a cardinal point of their faith.

Long ago in India the sages preached that there were three stages of rebirth—resurrection, transmigration, and reincarnation.

Egyptian Belief

THE doctrine of transmigration has been held to have originated in Egypt. The belief was that the human soul was imperishable. When anyone died the soul entered the body of some other creature ready to receive it, and when it had gone the round of all created forms—land, sea or air—it once more entered a human body, this cycle taking some 3,000 years to complete.

In India and many other places in the East this belief that the human soul may be inhabiting the body of some animal or insect is still quite widely held. It has bred a strict respect for life, all life.

And it is because of this belief that no one would dream of killing an animal or an insect for fear it was the reincarnation of an ancestor. The ancient Egyptian belief was that the human race began only when gods and spirits left the earth, after demons among them had revolted and introduced sin.

The gods thereafter created human bodies for these demons to occupy as a means of explanation. Men and women therefore are inhabited by fallen spirits seeking purification, and there is a continuing cycle of lives here with the soul inhabiting either a human, an animal, or a plant until perfection has been obtained.

But let us leave the distant past for a moment and come back to more recent times. Some years before the first world war there was a small family gathering in a Normandy villa. They were entertaining a visitor from England who brought out some photographs.

Young Man

AMONG the snapshots was one of a young man sitting in a deck chair. When it was passed to a young French woman she gazed at it in amazement and said, "I know this man. I know him very well—and I don't think I like him particularly."

"But where did you meet him?" asked the visitor. "Have you ever been to England?"

The French girl shook her head. "Never," she declared. "Then," said the visitor, "it is utterly impossible that you can have met him. I know positively that he has never in his life been in France or had any association with France."

But the girl was adamant. "I am certain we have met, but how or when is a mystery."

And a mystery it remained—until some years later, when during the 1914-1918 war the Englishman in the photograph was in France as an officer with his regiment.

When on leave he remembered the story of the

snapshot as his English friend had recounted it.

He decided to pay a visit to that French family, not one member of which he had ever met.

He introduced himself, and was then face to face with the French girl. As soon as he saw her she exclaimed, "The man in the photograph!"

But he, for the moment, was tongue-tied. For, as he explained to me when, a couple of weeks ago, he recalled this memory from the past, he knew he had met this girl before, somewhere, sometime. And he knew, too, that on the face of it such a meeting could never have taken place.

In this life, that is. That became the only explanation of the eerie and ever-present feeling that there had been earlier and very close friendship between them.

"We still meet, as we have met periodically over the years," he told me. "The link that binds us is no more than the definite belief that we were close friends in some earlier existence. It is a belief that is growing ever stronger as the years pass."

Now let me tell you the strange story of a mother and her son. I talked to her in her flat not far from Hyde Park Corner.

The story began when she showed me the photograph of a grave in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

It is the grave of her five-year-old son. And the headstone bears an inscription that is unique.

Beneath a life-size stone effigy of a bonny child are carved these words:

To the Glory of God and to the sweet memory

Many People Visiting A Place For The First Time Believe They Have Seen It Before. Others Meet A Person For The First Time And Are Certain The Face Is Familiar. Such Experiences Raise The Question—

Have You Lived Before?

of our dear son Philip Pryce Smith. Born October 22nd, 1920. Died November 23rd, 1925. Reborn February 23rd, 1927. God moans in a mysterious way. His wonders to perform.

And here is the story of what Mrs. Smith describes as "the greatest experience of my life."

"I went out to Malaya as the bride of an engineer," she told me, "and Philip was our first baby."

"He was a handsome, happy child and, of course, was the world to me. Then, in the steaming rain of a November monsoon, he fell suddenly ill. He had been stricken down with dysentery, and after an illness of only eight days he died—a month to the day after his fifth birthday."

"I was crazed with grief. I had, I hope, always been a devout, God-fearing woman. But I could not understand why a loving God should take my only child from me."

'Strange Impulse'

AFTER the funeral Mrs. Smith's husband sent her on a cruise to Burma. But she remained inconsolable. She spent most of her time in the ship on her knees in her cabin or weeping uncontrollably on her bunk.

One day, early in December, as the ship was moving towards the Burmese port of Moulmein, Mrs. Smith, torn by anguish from the brink of sleep, knelt on the floor of her cabin once more.

"I poured out my heart to God," she told me quietly. "And when I rose I felt in the grip of a strange impulse."

"I felt it was imperative for me to talk to a certain Bur-

more whom I had seen on board.

"I did not know him, had never spoken to him."

"It was an impulse that had to be obeyed. I did not even wait to dress. I just threw a kimono around me, dashed out of my cabin, and made my way on deck."

"There was the Burmese, standing beside the rail, gazing out across the water to where stood Moulmein. I looked too. I saw a pagoda, gleaming in the sun."

"It was difficult to open a conversation. I felt tongue-tied. But finally my eyes again sought the pagoda. I gestured towards it, asked him its name."

"And when he had told me I boldly asked, 'In your religion what do you believe happens to a child after it dies?'"

"His reply was simple. 'We believe,' he said, 'the child dies—and then is born again.'"

"And quite suddenly I seemed to understand everything. I felt I had been purposely directed to this Burmese, and that he had been led to give me the message I had so sought and prayed for."

"And suddenly I felt at peace. Suddenly I knew that all was going to be well, that my lost boy would be returned to me."

"Back again in Malaya, I told my friends of my experience and of the firm belief that had come to me."

"They were, quite naturally, sceptical. They thought my sorrow had turned my head. I, too, began to wonder whether I had merely clutched at this belief because I was grief-stricken and needed comfort."

'Born Again'

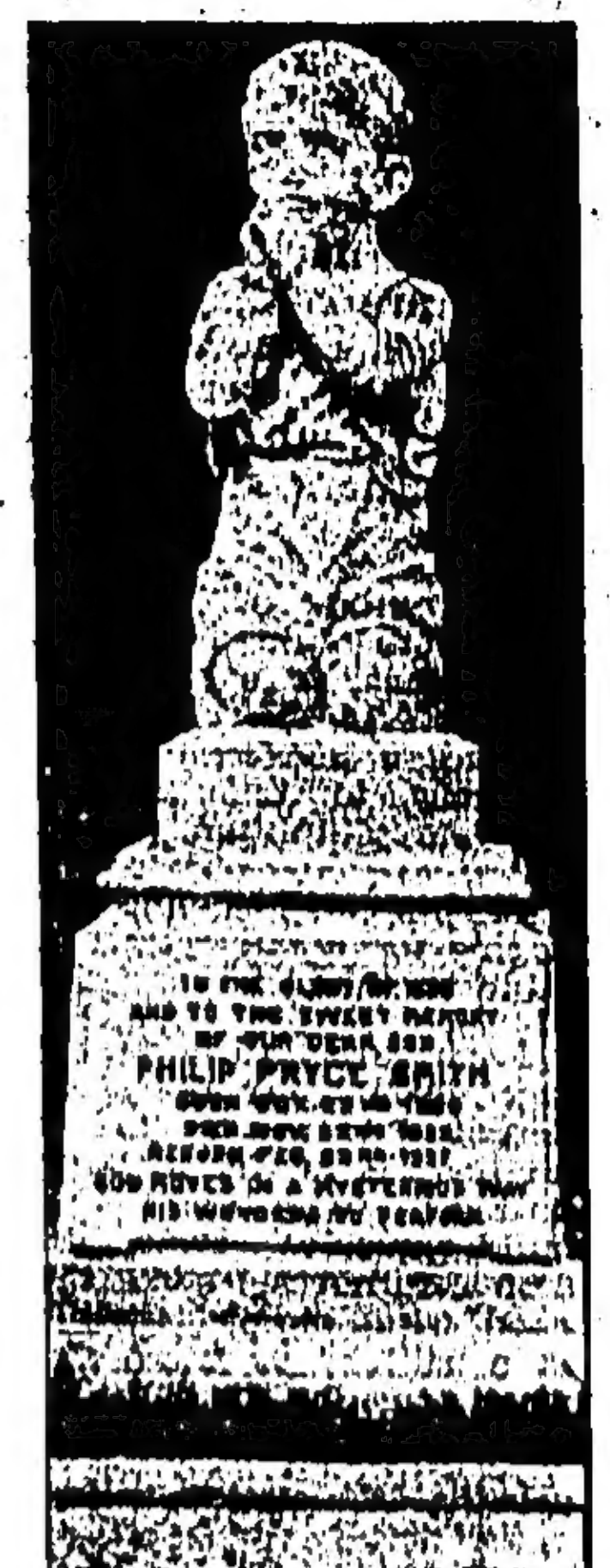
"As these doubts started to rise I almost began to despair again. And then further signs were given to me."

"I dreamed of my boy. He spoke to me, with his arms around my neck. 'I am coming back to you, mummy,' he said."

"And I found something that seemed to me, and still seems, a rather curious picture book that had belonged to him. He was too young to write words, but he could print letters. And, running through this book one day, I found he had printed with a pencil the word 'Pagoda.'"

"I was astonished. I could not understand how he had ever come across this word. It was 'I' only took it for a further sign of the strange things that were happening."

"And then, in a dream, somewhere in March 1928, and some 14 weeks after Philip's



THE GRAVE AT KUALA LUMPUR.

death, he told me again he was coming back. 'I will be back with you two months after Christmas, mummy,' he said."

"And it was nearly 12 months later in February 1927, that that happened. Philip was born to me again."

Well, there is Mrs. Smith's astonishing story. She and I know what the sceptics will say. But her firm belief is not that she merely, in her grief, consoled herself with a comforting doctrine of the mystic East. It is that her child was literally born twice to her.

"It," she told me, "seemed to believe that my Philip is the reincarnation of the Philip who died. I could not believe in God. Today Philip is 26. He was educated at a famous English public school, and is now an engineer working in Australia."

NEXT WEEK: THE AMAZING STORY OF A GIRL OF FOUR WHO TOLD OF A PREVIOUS LIFE AS WIFE AND MOTHER.

[World Copyright.]

ADMIRAL ARISTOTLE SKIMS THE WAVES

From EVELYN IRONS

NEW YORK. SITTING at his semi-circular birchwood desk in the ninth-floor New York office of the Central American Steamship Agency Inc., Aristotle Socrates Onassis flashed one of his brilliant smiles and said: "It's absolute nonsense."

This was his reply to critics of his new deal with King Saud of Saudi Arabia—the deal which gives Onassis's tankers rights to transport Saudi Arabian oil.

Some Americans are saying angrily that this arrangement may deprive the United States of control over the sale and shipment of the oil; that the U.S. Navy may have to depend on Onassis for oil shipments. And Americans do not like the idea of their navy being dependent on any foreigner.

Not so, claims Onassis. "My company will operate only 30 ships and transport about 10 per cent of Saudi Arabia's petroleum exports. The agreement I've made will have little effect on ships now transporting oil from Arabia."

'Free will'

But the short, powerfully built shipowner has another matter on his mind: the charge of conspiring to defraud the U.S. Government in multimillion-dollar surplus ship deals.

Onassis, one of the world's richest men, explained to me why he had travelled from Paris to the United States voluntarily to face this charge. "Nobody summoned me," he said. "I appeared of my own free will. I want to disprove the charges and clear the whole business up once and for all."

Now released under a \$10,000 bond with the stipulation that he must not leave the country, Onassis says that the case may continue for months, maybe years.

Meanwhile, he is living in his palatial house in smart Sutton Square, in New York, often dining alone with a newspaper for company, occasionally going on to a night club. "Just to meet friends and have some sort of social life, since my wife and children are sick at St. Moritz."

Red and blue

Onassis is a man you would look at twice. He wears with his grey flannel suit a pale blue shirt and a wine-red tie and his heavy-lidded eyes are shielded by light-colored tortoise-shell spectacles with broad side-pieces, which he pushed up on to his forehead when he wanted to read. Yet until he completed his multimillion-dollar purchase of the bank at Monte Carlo a year ago, because he wanted office space, he was as much of a mystery man as Basil Zaharoff or Calouste Gulbenkian, those mighty magnates of munitions and oil.

Today he owns or controls a fleet of 100 tankers, freighters and whaling ships, flying the flags of five different nations. He has two children—Alexander, aged six, and Christine, four. His 24-year-old wife is not only beautiful but very richly and usefully connected. She is the daughter of Stavros Niarchos, operator of one of the world's biggest shipping businesses, and sister-in-law of Stavros Niarchos, whose fleet of oil tankers is second in the world to Onassis's own. And he is only 48 years old, with black hair greying just slightly.

A refugee

One thing that wipes the happy smile from the healthy sun-bronzed face of Aristotle Socrates is the suggestion that his fortune comes from tending underpaid sailors to sea in hell-ships.

"The men get 2½ times more than ratings on Cunarders," he claims. "The officers get 1½

times Cunard pay, and the captains' salaries equal Cunard captains."

Greek-born Onassis is a citizen of the Argentine, to which he emigrated at the age of 18 with \$35 in his pocket, no Spanish, and a smattering of English. But he can never forget that he was a stateless refugee from the terror of Kemal Ataturk in Smyrna, where his father was a tobacco importer, in 1922.

In Buenos Aires he got a job as a night telephone operator from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. "I slept till 10 a.m.," he recalls. "Then I went out to get work and do business."

Result: by the time he was 25 he had made a million dollars in the export business. He used the money to buy Canadian ships.

The profit skyrocketed during the war, when ships were at a premium and insurances from sinkings brought cash for replacements. After the war Onassis, foreseeing a world demand for oil, began his present programme of building giant tankers.

Too tame

Aristotle Socrates ("I read both these philosophers at school—and was I teased about the names!") relaxes from his preoccupations with his 30-odd shipping companies by sliding both on snow and on water (behind a zooming hydroplane, since he finds a speedboat too tame).

He also likes to mess around in boats. He has two 30-foot sailing-boats—one at Oyster Bay, Long Island, and the other at Antibes. (Not yachts, just toys, he says.) He is a powerful swimmer.

But his real hobby is gambling—not for meagre thousands of francs at the Casino, but in millions of pounds with his tankers that rove the world and his whaling fleet that probes the polar seas.

HIGHBROWS IGNORE BBC "CULTURE"

By LES ARMOUR

LONDON. THE BBC's "Third Programme" is highbrow and esoteric; it features batteries of professors, string quartets and has been known to broadcast ancient Greek plays in Greek.

The taxpayers and the legislators have always accepted it as necessary—presumably because it plays a vital role in maintaining the nation's "culture."

Now the BBC itself has been doing some research to find out just who listens to the "Third."

The answer is hardly anybody. Only 4.8 per cent of Britishers listen to it once a week or more often; 6.2 per cent listen more than once a month. And 74.3 per cent never tune in at all.

Of course, this may not mean much, for the "Third" is designed for the "intellectual elite" anyway.

But, defining the "elite" as those with university education and those interested in scholarly subjects and culture, the result is just about as gloomy.

Of the "good prospects" (by BBC definition) only 28 per cent listen once a week or more often. And only half of them listen even once a month. Among "fair prospects" the percentages drop to 18 and 40.

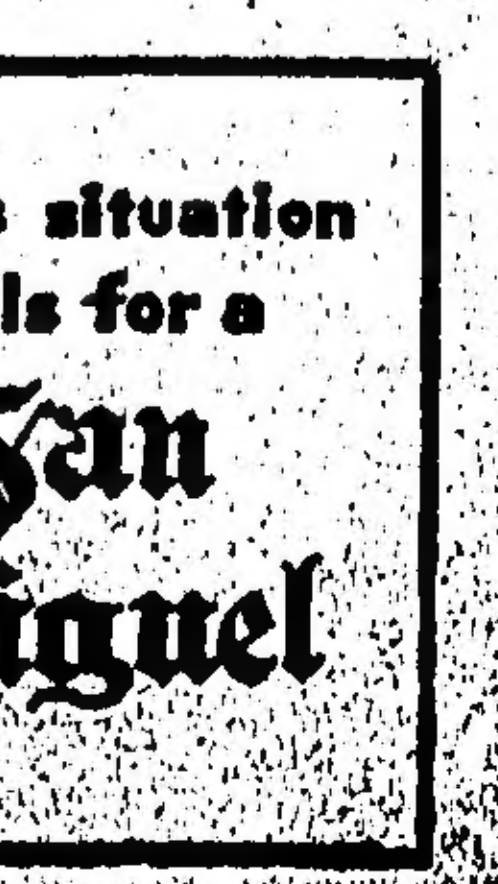
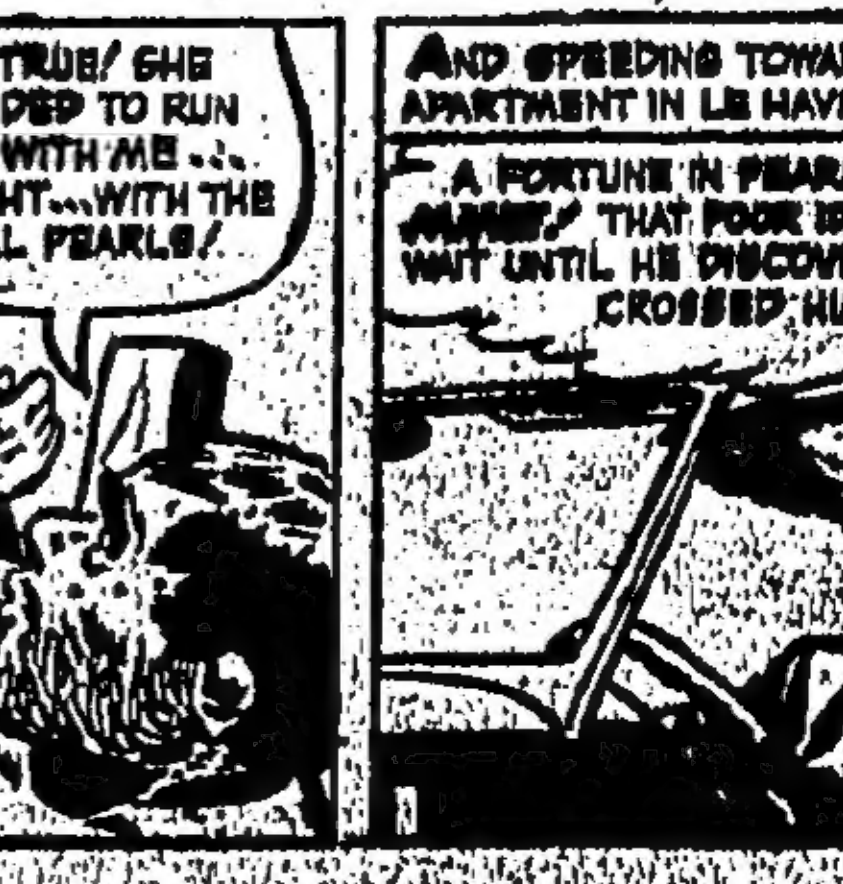
And even among the very, very best, 35 per cent never tune in at all.

So far, the BBC has declined to agree that the "Third" needs a thorough shake-up. Perhaps the answer is simply that "Culture" is not composed of the dull, the obscure, and the pedantic.

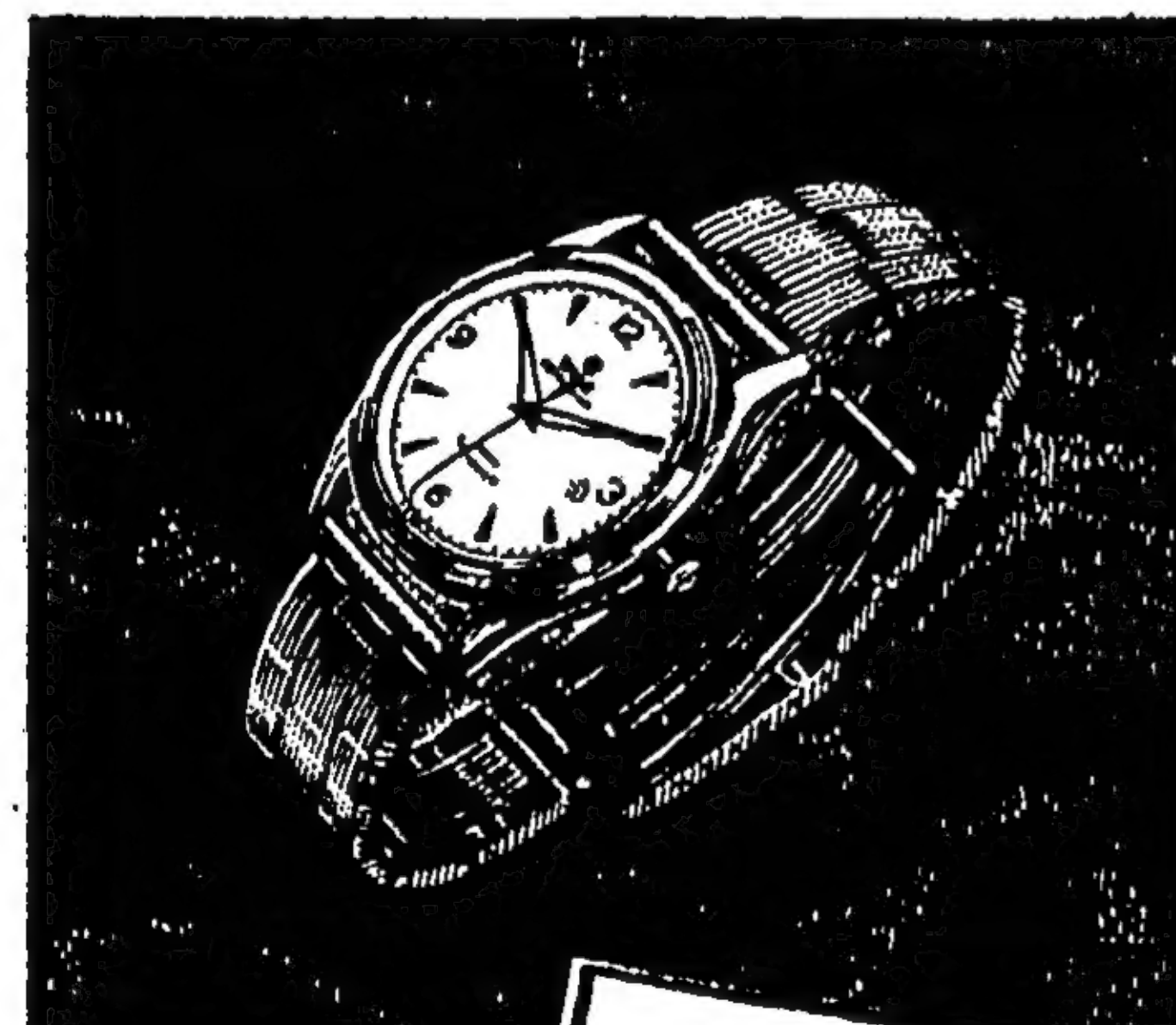
Neither do programmes become valuable just because three-quarters of the public find them intolerable. Up in Broadcasting House they may soon recall that Shakespeare wrote for the pit, that Milton told some cracking good stories, and that Mozart thought music was fun.

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



Presenting the Tudor Oyster Prince



The Tudor Oyster Prince, sponsored by Rolex of Geneva. Water-proofed by the famous Oyster case, self-wound by the unique "rotor" mechanism, the Tudor Oyster Prince is the most outstanding wrist-watch for its price ever offered to the public.

This advertisement, the first of the new series, features the "Trial of Destruction." Six Tudor Oyster Princes were worn, one after the other, by a workman who spent a total of 30 hours opening a pneumatic drill. As the chisel of the drill bit bit into granite, each watch suffered over 1,000,000 tremendous shocks. Yet the Tudor watches emerged unharmed and functioning perfectly!

TUDOR
Oyster Prince



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

For A Pretty
Plunging
Backline

By HELEN FOLLETT

THE plunging neckline is no longer the talk of the town; now the plunging backline that sometimes stops above the waist, sometimes goes down to it, is in fashion.

This new fashion frenzy should inspire a woman to cultivate perfect posture. If she cannot do so, she is not entitled to join members of the bare-back contingent.

One must keep the chest lifted, swing the hips backward, have the abdomen self-contained as it is as flat as a flounder. Permit your stomach to protrude and the back takes on an ugly curve at the waistline.

Here is an exercise that will help if you've let yourself go a bit. Stand tall, make fists, extend arms straight out in front on a line with your shoulders. Slowly lift them high, and with a strong muscle pull send arms backward as if you were stretching after a long sleep. Back to first position and repeat.

There is that important matter of keeping the skin surface of the back smooth and of fine texture. Sometimes the nape is darker in colour than the shoulders, in which event she should use a little bleaching cream during the before-bedtime good-looking session.

Blackheads may appear on the upper portion of the back, due to the friction of harsh fabrics. Hence the need of the well-washed long-handled bathing brush.



This year's recipe for a beach outfit: take one pair of jeans, and a strapless top in black cotton, and a circular skirt and matching scarf in white cotton with a black pen-gula print. (By Horrockses).

Victorian Revival In
Nightclothes...

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. If you've always thought Victorian underwear was a form of fancy dress, now's the time to change your ideas. Frills and fur-below are right back in fashion.

This is just one more step in the revival of Victorian fashion. In the last few years there have been processions of crinolined evening dresses, regiments of flower-trimmed bonnets, masses of little Victorian posies. The number of designers who haven't been to a Victorian family album for inspiration could be counted on one hand.

It all started when a young actress, searching in her attic at home, opened an old trunk and found an evening dress that had belonged to her great-grandmother. She took it out, pressed it and wore it to a film premiere.

Fantastic as it may seem, the fashion for frilly underwear is catching on.

London stores are being besieged with enquiries about the new-old Victorian designs, while the conventional styles lie unsold on their shelves.

"Comforters"

Heiress preparing luxury trousseaux chose frilly cambric or cotton in place of the more usual nylon or satin.

A London model who flew to Paris for the dress shows recently was another who has taken up this new fashion and for good reason. She thought the Victorians had something when it came to dressing for cold weather. For the journey she wore a pair of red flannel "comforters"—her own version of the Victorian pantaloons. They were the authentic length—just below knee-level—and were laced up with tassels.

Of course these styles are not reproduced straight from the scrapbook just like that, with no alteration. The modern versions are adapted to suit the clothes we wear. Camisole tops and petticoat skirts are in white cotton or

red flannel—a wool and rayon mixture—and the frills are suitably edged with white lace. The old-fashioned pantaloons, in white cotton or cambric, is trimmed with broderie anglaise. Nightdresses and dressing gowns have likewise caught the Victorian fever. Frills, broderie anglaise and ribbon trimmings flourish everywhere. Pyjamas have pantaloons frills at the wrist and ankles; nightdresses with portrait necklines are in blue cotton and threaded with blue ribbon. Dressing gowns are in pink "dimity" prints.

Cotton is not so easy to launder as nylon, but women are prepared to put up with the extra work involved since they always feel fresh in it and find it more practical in hot climates. If they buy cotton seersucker then there's no extra trouble at all. Seersucker launders as easily as nylon, needs no ironing.

What makes these Victorian styles so popular? A nostalgic

The Byron Line

If you want to give your hair a new look, then it's back to the days of Byron for you. Styles for 1954, shown by members of the Fellowship of Hair Artists of Great Britain, were all Byronic, being short with curly fringes and broken waves.

This year, hair can be any colour of the rainbow, including violet, pink and orange. One of the new styles had a flame-pink fringe in the front, chestnut waves at the back.

An expert's touch is needed to keep these colourful styles in order. But, then, that's always good for business.



This sun dress is in a floral-printed cotton and has a matching jacket. (By Dorville).



Fille d'Eve
le nouveau parfum de
NINA RICCI

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A good hair cut doesn't necessarily mean cutting it short but does mean to shape it. If your hair is already curly, what will suit you best is a "SPECIAL RAZOR CUT". But if you wish to have natural waves, try the world famous

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GLAMOUR TAKES ON A
BUSINESS-LIKE LOOK

By ANNE EDWARDS

London. THERE'S a new twist to the story of the model girls... those glamorous creatures who so often topped their career by marrying a duke or a millionaire meat packer.

For three internationally famous model girls are turning serious.

● BETTINA, who was once the most celebrated model girl in Paris, has chopped off her thick, curling, auburn hair and taken up dress designing for a living.

● SUZY PARKER, latest star model is now too busy to be photographed—she's writing fashion articles.

● AND SOPHIE—the girl they used to call "The Incomparable Sophie"—has become a fashion editor.

MAGNIFIQUE!

Sophie used to be one of the joys of the Paris dress shows. She floated in at Jacques Fath's wearing pale grey crinoline hats and tight-waisted grey frocks with enormous billowy skirts.

The year Sophie sat among the crowd of reporters. She looked much like the other women journalists.

She had a hairstyle (now red instead of blond) that is easy to keep, instead of one that needs two visits a week to the hairdresser.

She was wearing a jersey and skirt, and comfortable shoes. She had a bulging notebook in her pocket and the beginnings of circles under her eyes.

She says she likes being a journalist better than modelling, but what she really wants is to be a dramatic critic.

Can it be that a serious outlook is creeping into those glamorous little heads? Can it be that model girls are tired of the taint: "Where did you get those great big eyes and that tiny little mind?"

And if so, what a black look-out for the dukes and the meat packers!

MEET MONSIEUR

★ YOU ARE introduced to him in Paris and you think: "At last... someone new... gay... sophisticated... charming... flatterer... FRENCH."

But he comes to England—and then it hits you that all those things you didn't notice, or you thought were part of his charm, in Paris, seem out of place in London.

HE brings out a comb in a restaurant, instead of forgetting what he looks like.

HE makes a point of knowing all the night club owners in London, instead of disregarding them.

HE pours out compliments in French at the top of his voice, instead of looking furtively round in case anyone should hear.

HE flirts outrageously in public, instead of pretending he doesn't know you until you're alone.

HE has to be laughed off to your friends, instead of being taken for granted.

LOVE IN BLOOM

★ A MEETING with the woman who has been writing those verses on the Valentines for 30 years revealed that even this sweet sentimentality is fully commercialised now.

The lady herself was quite a surprise. Miss Nora Herdman is no frail old maid penning verses to the lost loves of her youth, but a successful, jolly career woman in her sixties who also writes advertising copy.

"I get a lot of fun out of writing Valentines," she said. "At least they have a subject with something to it—Love, I mean... if you can call it love."

She added: "There is only a very small sale these days for expensive Valentines. A young

man who has only one girl whom he is really smitten with is willing to spend a lot of money on a Valentine. And he wants a serious one."

The big sales are for the light-hearted kind: "The sort that a young man can send out to a dozen different girls—just to show he's a bit keen, or could be, without committing himself at all."

"This sort has to be cheaper, because men won't spend a great deal of money on a lot of different girls."

GOLDEN RULE

The golden rule for writing Valentines is to be strictly non-committal. There must never be a proposal of marriage. The sort of thing the customers like is:

"You really are a perfect pet. The sweetest thing I ever met."

OR—
"You are so nice, you look so sweet. You're nearly good enough to eat."

OR—
"Oh, it would be the height of bliss. To give you just one little kiss."

Valentines are selling better every year. The boom started up again in the war, when people were parted. And lately it has been helped tremendously because girls have started sending Valentines.

But if girls have changed, young men not-quite-in-love have not. The verse they liked best when Miss Herdman first wrote it 30 years ago is still the most popular today—

"I would like to give you All life's fairest flowers, All that's best and happiest, In this world of ours. Nothing is too precious, For anyone as nice as you, My dearest Valentine."

"Still doesn't say much, does it?" commented the authoress. "Non-committal as ever."

—(London Express Service)

DON'T YIELD TO FASHION WHIMS
TOO EASILY, SAYS MME BONNET

Washington. MME. Henri Bonnet, one of the women on this year's list of best dressed, says any woman can dress fashionably—and without an original design to her name.

Mme Bonnet is the first to admit, though, that her wardrobe includes a dozen or so Dior originals. Wearing designs created by France's best-known couturiers is a diplomatic mission for Helle Bonnet.

As wife of the French ambassador to the United States, she wants to do her part in

keeping the eyes of the fashion world turned to Paris salons. But Helle Bonnet won a top place on the New York Dress Institute's annual list because of far more than the Paris labels in her clothes. A designer in her own right (that's her specialty), she has an expert's eye for line, colour, and detail.

Although French by adoption (she is Greek-born), Mme Bonnet has the Frenchwoman's enthusiasm for the "basic black dress" and the "good tailored suit."

"You can easily go through a whole season with one good suit," she said. Accessories will give the necessary variety, but

both the suit and accessories must be of excellent quality.

Mme Bonnet's advice is simple: 1. Wear what is becoming to you, and 2. Choose clothes with utmost simplicity.

"If your clothes are simple you never get out of fashion," she said.

The smart woman, Mme Bonnet said, plans her wardrobe with care, and doesn't yield to whims until the basic clothes are selected.

"Don't be tempted," she smiled. "The novelty dress can come later."

The emphasis in Mme Bonnet's wardrobe is on evening gowns. Her wardrobe includes

several prints, a bouffant gown of pink and gold lame for formal occasions, and a white satin with an overprint of splashy black carnations and exaggerated fullness in the back.

Her daytime costumes include a black and white tailored suit, two simple black silk dresses, and a dark beige woolen dress.

Mme Bonnet regards the shorter hemline as desirable in current fashion. She'll all for it, and has been busy buying up her own hemlines for spring.

Designers bring forth really new ideas more often in four years," she said. "This spring, the hemline is the one in four."

—(United Press)

HE COLLECTS
'PET PEEVES'

Newark, N. J.

Dr Milton Bell collects the "pet peeves" husbands and wives harbour against each other the way some people collect Stradivarius violins.

Bell, a resident of Teaneck, N. J., has found that there apparently are more "Struds" (about 70) than there are gripes about marital harmony.

Bell is a founder of the Husbands' Protective Association which observed its first anniversary last month. One of the organization's first protective measures was to set up a Wives' Protective Association among spouses of its members.

Bell and his colleagues set out to collect all the husband-wife pet peeves they could find with

the idea of eventually publishing them.

A booklet, they felt, would point up the petty matters that cause family rifts and would start folks laughing at their own shortcomings. They figured on at least 200 gripes.

SOME EXAMPLES

But so far, they've been able to unearth only 37.

Some of the peeves on record include:

1. Husband's cigarette ashes on the living room floor.

2. Wife's knack of hiding her husband's important papers just when he needs them most.

3. Husband's ability to disappear whenever there is work to be done around the house.

4. Father's aversion to baby-sitting.

5. Husbandly objections to having the mother-in-law over to spend the summer.

To kick off the campaign to collect the peeves, Dr Bell appeared as a guest on three network radio shows and mailed several top entertainers into the husbands' group.

MEMBER A VICTIM

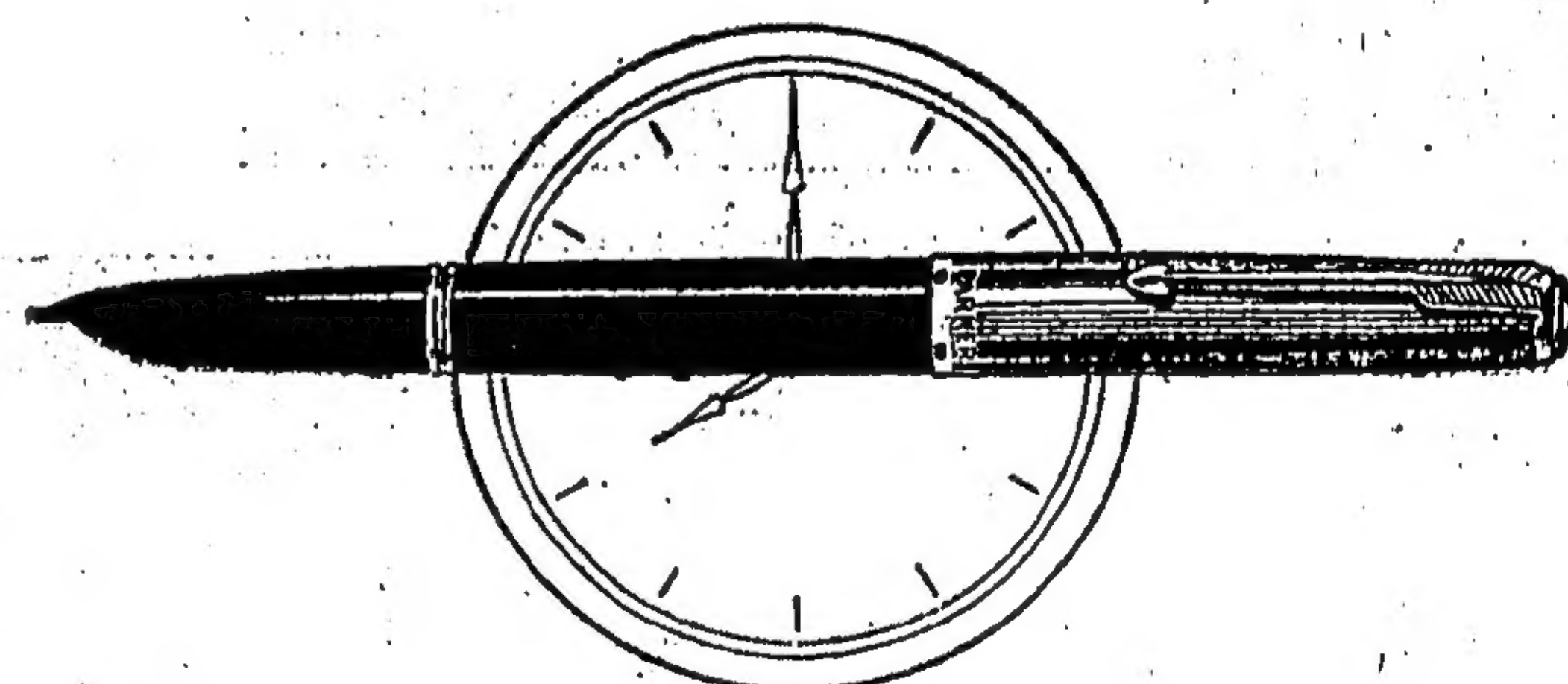
Later the distant side was represented on one of these shows by Mrs Thelma Spector, a founder of the wives' organization.

A few weeks ago, Joan Davis, actress and television star, enlisted her TV show associate, Jim Backus, into the husbands' group.

And Harold Gold, former member of the men's group, resigned his own membership by coming in another pet peeve he couldn't stand any longer.

He said he was "fed up" with his own pet peeve.

—(LES ROSSI)



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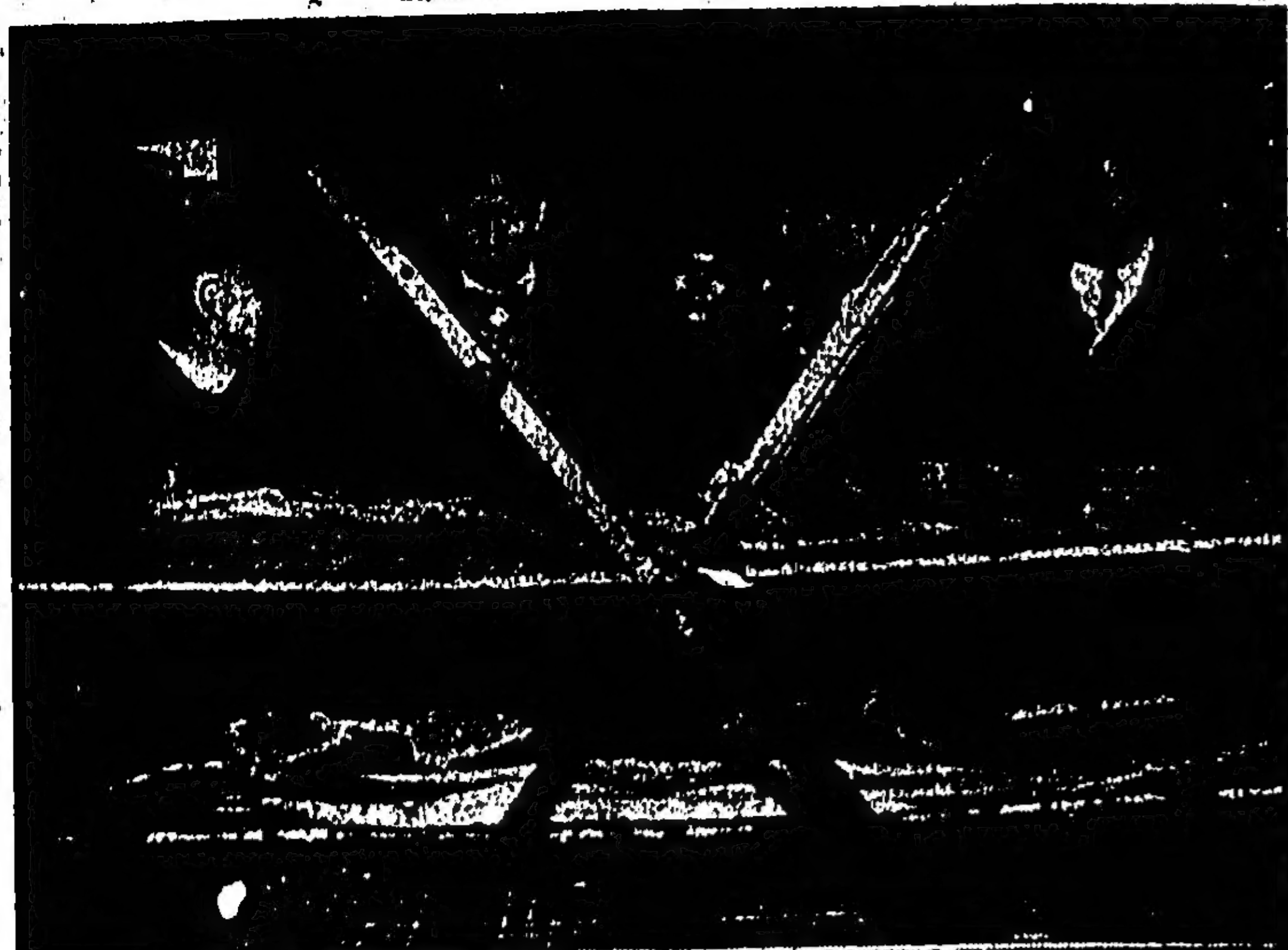
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DAVID



HIS Excellency the Governor visited several establishments of the Co-operative and Marketing Department last Monday. In top picture, he listens as Fr J. McCarthy explains the process by which fish is processed. Lower picture shows a class at one of the fishermen's children's schools which the Governor inspected. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP outside St John's Cathedral after the wedding of Mr Hioe Foek-tjan and Miss Betty Lee. The bridegroom is from Indonesia. The bride is the daughter of the Unesco representative in Japan. (Staff Photographer)



DR W. G. Goddard, formerly of the West China Union University, was guest of honour at a dinner given by the University of Washington Alumni Association last Sunday, when he spoke on his impressions of Formosa. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Picture taken at the annual dinner of the Hongkong Amateur Athletic Association, held at the Ying King Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Lady Grantham watching a domestic science class at the Sacred Heart School on her visit there on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr Albert Roy Egan and his bride, Miss Patricia Gwendoline Lytton, leaving St Teresa's Church after their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



AT the joint dance of former students of the Diocesan Boys' and Girls' Schools held at the Peninsula Hotel last week. Mrs Joyce Symons, Headmistress of the DGS (left), receiving a prize from Mrs Molly Mackie. (Staff Photographer)



Next week —

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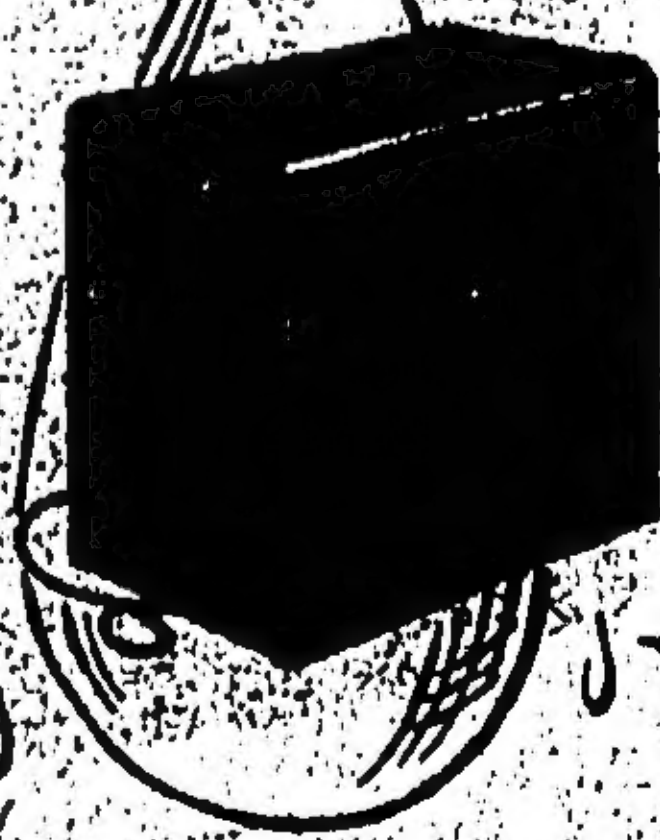
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TEAMS at two friendly cricket games last Sunday. Top: Players in the Oxford v. Cambridge annual match. Bottom: Craggover Cricket Club and their guests from HMS Singapore. (Staff Photographer)

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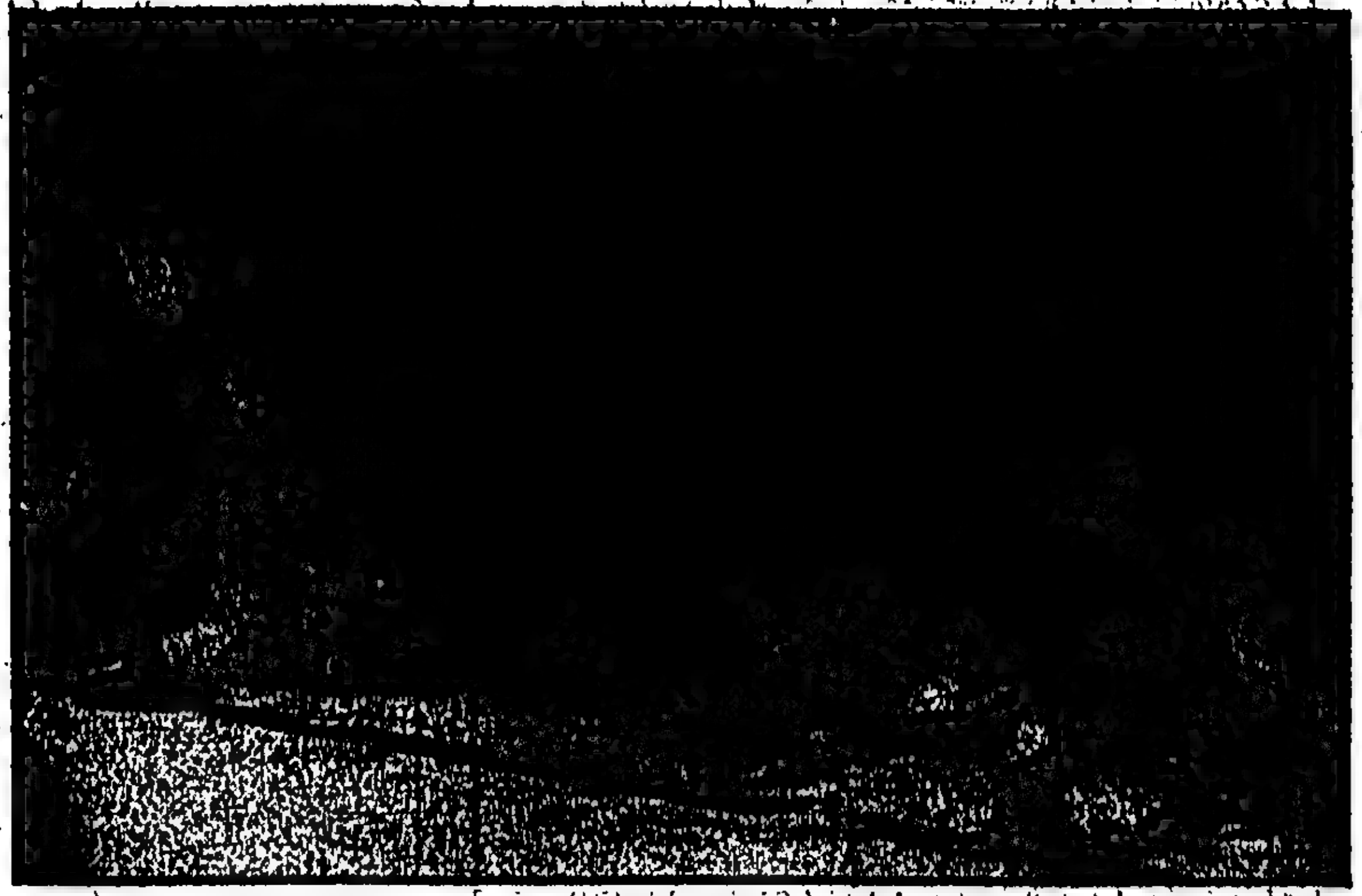


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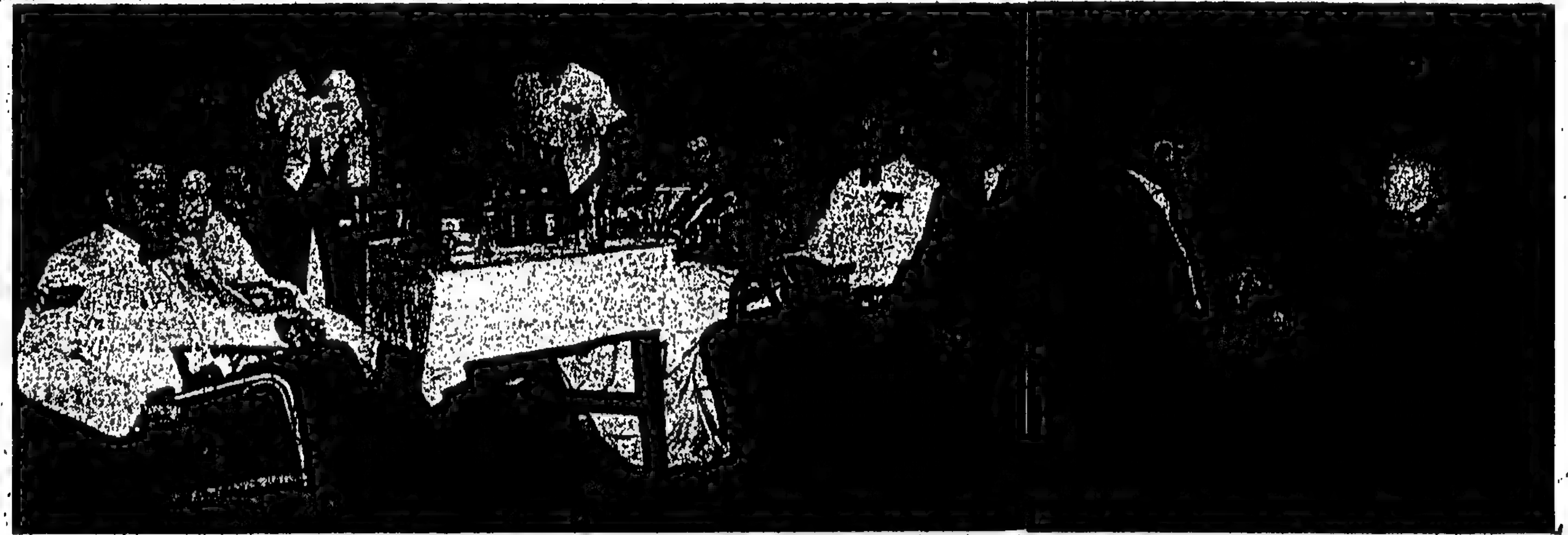
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YOUNG business executives from many Asian countries have gathered in Hongkong this week for the Junior Chamber of Commerce fourth Asia regional conference. Corner photo shows a group of Jaycees at the cocktail party given by Mr J. S. Lee. Above: Mr Douglas L. Hoge, President of Junior Chamber International (second from right), registering. Left: Mr Oscar Arellano, JCI Vice-President for Asia, speaking at the conference. (Staff Photographer)



MR Denis H. Hazell, Worshipful Master of Zetland Lodge, speaking at the Lodge's ladies night, held at the Peninsula Hotel last week. (Staff Photographer)



ONE of the many parties that attended the Buttmarkers' Ball, the annual regimental ball of the Hongkong Regiment, held at the China Fleet Club. Above right: Col. H. B. L. Dowbiggin presenting a trophy to Corporal T. Sun, of "B" Coy, who won the battalion shoot honours. (Staff Photographer)



DR Eric Vio (nearest camera) with his Pekinese, Alderbourne Yung Tuo Tu of Yam, which was adjudged the best of show at the Hongkong Kennel Club's annual dog show last week-end. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the christening of Barbara Jane, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. E. Read, which took place last Sunday at St Andrew's Church, (Mayfair)



HONGKONG Sea Rangers lined up at Sandilands Hut last Saturday for inspection by Commodore A. H. Thorold. (Staff Photographer)

WESTINGHOUSE

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ALL CONCENTRATED IN ONE PLACE



MR and Mrs C. J. Allanson pictured with their attendants after their wedding at St. Margaret's Church last Saturday. The bride was Miss Rose Eganien. (Staff Photographer)



PRESENTATION of prizes at the Queen's College annual athletic sports. Young Chun-kin, who broke the senior high jump record, receives his trophy from Mrs Kwei Chan. (Staff Photographer)

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

TURNING WORK INTO FUN FOR CHILDREN

By ELEANOR ROSS

IT'S a genius of a mother who can evolve a formula for turning work into fun for her youngsters. And any time one comes across such a formula, we think the miracle should be passed along.

One young mother we heard about recently has got the business of closet-cleaning well under control.

Like most mothers, she suffered through years of trying to make her children clean out their own closets and put to good use the things they had outgrown or discarded. But that sounded too much like work, and dull work at that, so the

youngsters just wouldn't co-operate. A little thinking about the matter, a little shrewd psychology and things have been arranged.

For Charity

Now she puts the task on another basis—she remarks that she wants to send some toys to the sick children in the hospital, and do the youngsters suppose they could find some things in their closets they are too old to play with any more, but still for them, but fine for sick youngsters? Of course, they'll look—they enjoy the feeling of helping.

Then mother decides that it's time to fill the "goodwill bag" with clothing that isn't being worn any more. Do the youngsters suppose they could further get together some of the garments they've outgrown and that would be serviceable for less privileged children?

Household Hints

A sudden gas pipe leak can be temporarily stopped by pressing moist soap over the danger spot and letting it harden. Remember, however, that this is only a temporary patch, so call a repairman at once.

Knitting and crocheting needles are not immune to dirt, even though it doesn't show. Give needles a good washing in soap and water. You'll be able to work faster with them when they're slick and clean.

Extra sheer nylon stockings need gentle care. To wash, place them in a tightly closed jar half filled with mild warm soapsuds. Shake jar for a minute, then empty suds. Rinse in the same way.

For easier soap and water scrubbing of floors and wood-work, attach a soap dish to the side of your scrub pail. This eliminates groping for the soap in the bottom of the pail.

So, in response to this wily appeal to their better nature, out come a lot of items that are cluttering up the closets and doing nobody any good.

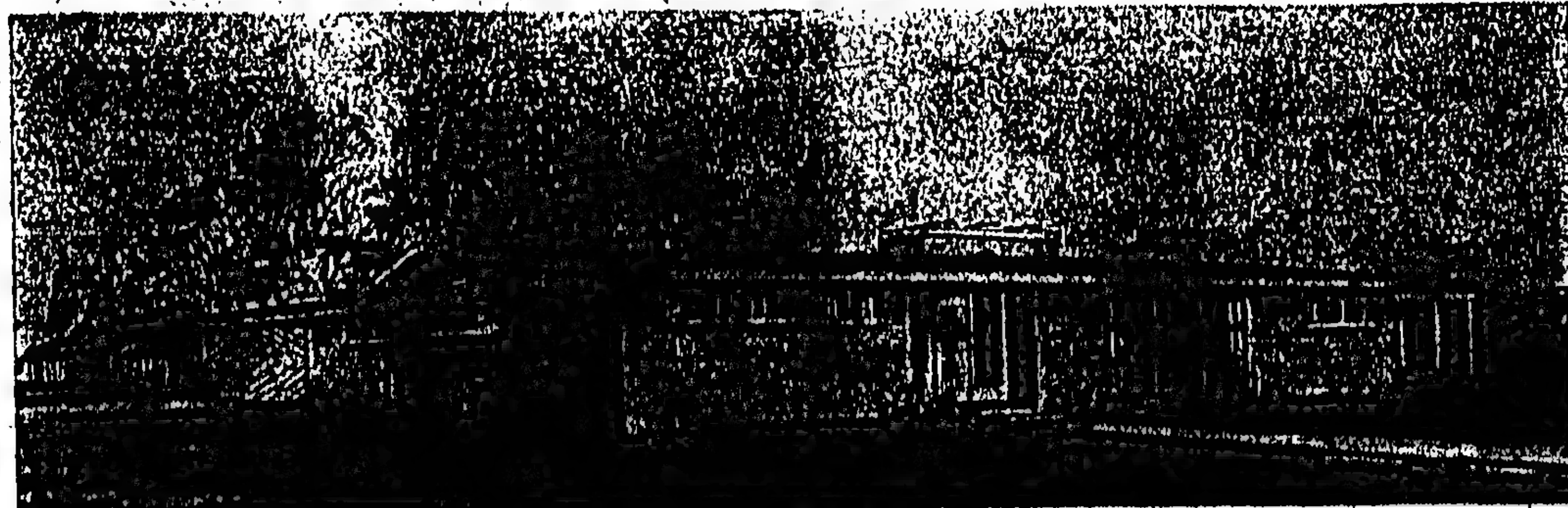
Spotless Discards

The toys and clothing must, of course, be clean and in good shape before being passed on to other children. So would brother get a pair of soapuds and scrub up the toys, while sister puts away the clothing to be washed?

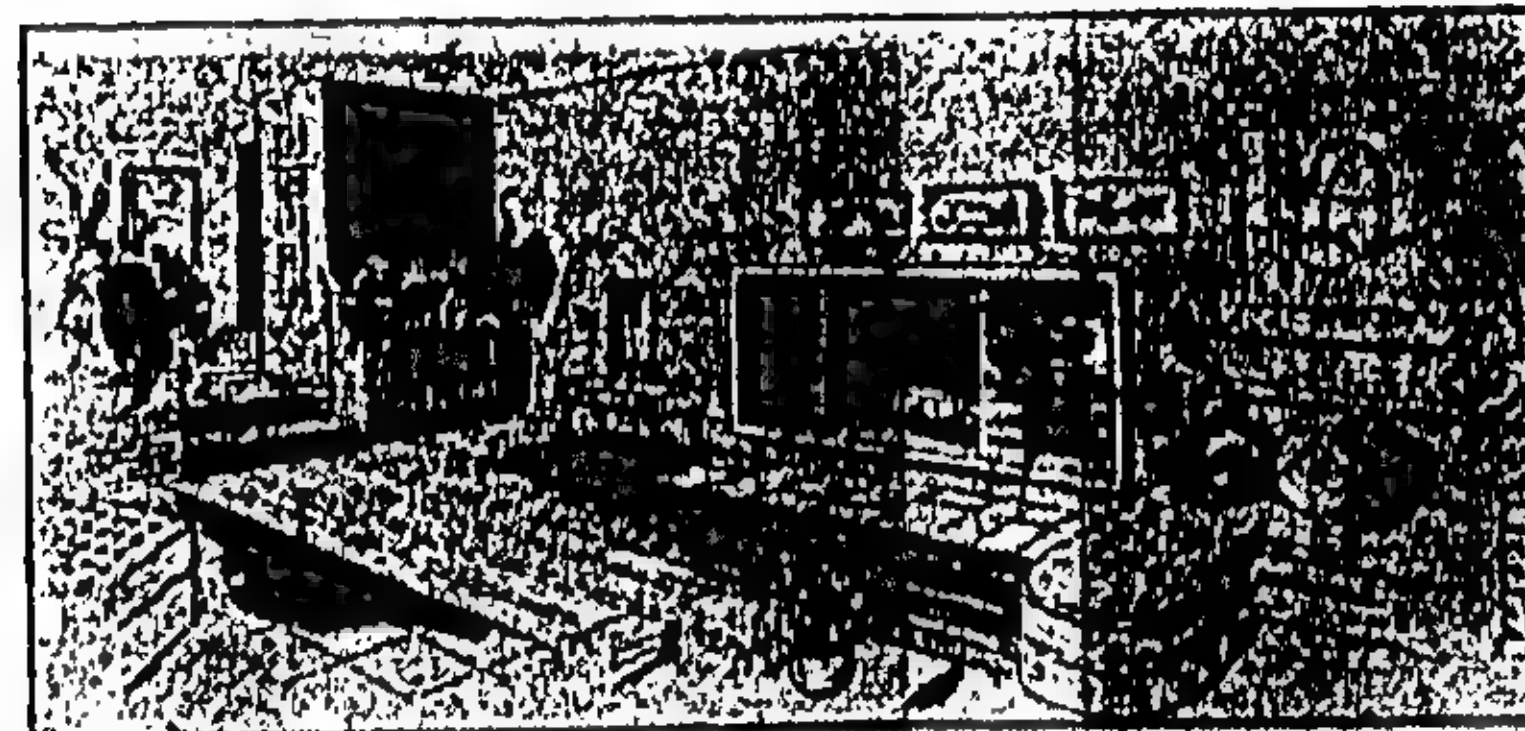
The next step, naturally, is to admire the newly created roominess of the children's closets, and then there's some head-shaking over all that dirt and dust exposed on the freshly cleared shelves. Before the day is over, if mother works it right, those closets are smartly scrubbed and dusted and put in the condition she had in mind all the time! And it has been a pleasant business all around.

Now if somebody will just think of a formula that will work on Father!

* CONVENIENT LIVING *



THE IMPRESSIVE EXTERIOR of Design H-244 includes a recessed entrance accented by decorative side windows. Inside the house, shelves have been built into these windows. Here, figurines can be displayed with attractive effects inside and out.



A SUNKEN LIVING ROOM is one of the many interesting features of this three-bedroom home. The cabinet near steps holds books.

By Joan O'Sullivan

CONVENIENCE counts most to the lady of the house. That's why the home on today's page is sure to rate nods of approval from homemakers.

Design H-244 is the answer to the housekeeper's prayers. Just look at that kitchen! It has everything — and everything's well arranged.

At the far end of the kitchen there's a little nook with a built-in planning desk. Here, letters can be written, bills sorted and the homemaker can even settle down in a comfortable chair with a good book while her roast cooks or her cake bakes.

The kitchen shares a snack bar with the living-dining area. It's ideal for informal entertaining. There's generous cabinet and shelf space and a good-sized broom closet. Appliances are placed to save steps.

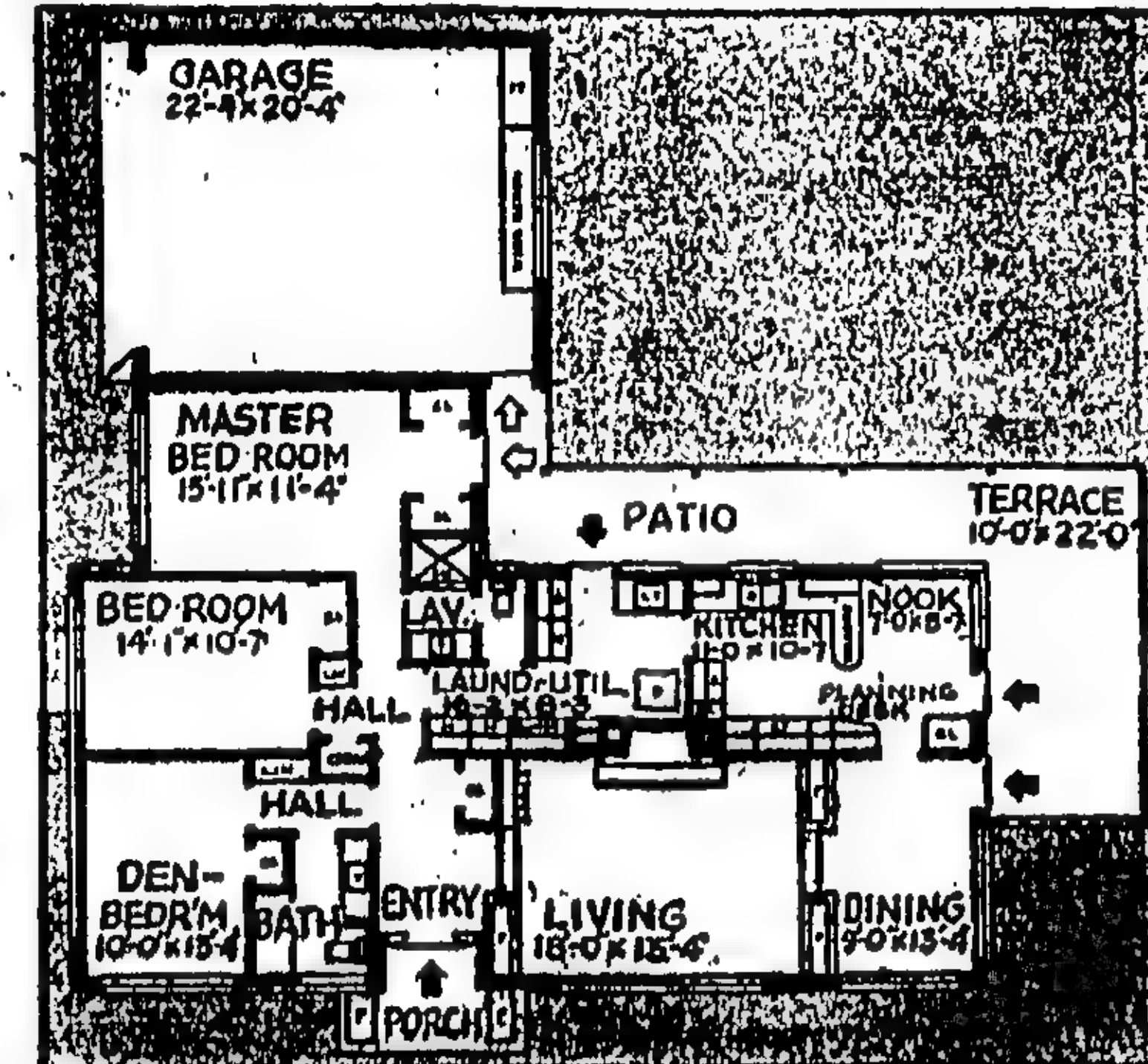
The laundry-utility area with its two built-in clothes hampers is adjacent to the kitchen, a good arrangement.

Sunlight from a huge top-to-bottom picture window floods the sunken living room, recessed by two steps. This room has a large raised fireplace hearth and a built-in bookshelf.

There are three bedrooms, with ample closet space in each. The master bedroom has a private shower and two big closets. Elsewhere, there are two linen closets and a cedar closet, plus several clothes closets.

A spacious, covered terrace extends across the rear of the house to form a covered walk from the two-car attached garage.

Design H-244 comprises 18,964 cubic feet.



THE WORK AREA of Design H-244 is sure to please homemakers. A planning desk and a nook are part of the streamlined kitchen.

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A WORTHWHILE HOBBY

WHY not make a lampshade? The one with Regency stripes in the picture (right) would go well in a simply decorated room and it is an easy shade to start with.

You will need an oval lampshade frame; 1/2 yard of striped silk or satin, 36ins. wide; 2 3/4 yards of gimp; 1 1/2 yards of fringe, 3/4in. wide; a card of white bias binding, and a reel of cotton.

These are only approximate amounts and should be checked when you buy your frame. Now here is how to make the shade.

- 1 Bind all the frame with bias binding, except the metal support for the light.
- 2 Stretch the material on the cross, over half the shade. Pin at the top, the lower edge, and the side struts. Overcast all the edges securely to the frame. Trim the seam allowance at the sides only. Repeat for the other half of the frame.
- 3 Pin the gimp down the side of the frame covering the raw edges. Stitch invisibly.
- 4 Turn the seam allowance at the top and lower edge over to the right side and whip stitch, then trim the seams.
- 5 Sew the fringe along the lower edge of the frame.
- 6 Sew the gimp along the top and lower edges.



THERE'S FUN in making a lampshade like this one with the Regency stripes, and pride in it afterwards. But choose your shade carefully; remember, it must fit in with the rest of your room.

To Get Rid of That Monday Morning Feeling... Try This Continental Dish

London, have changed their opinion of British food.

I have this on the best of authority—from Mrs. Elisabeth de Biro, a Hungarian who knows continental cookery inside out. She explained to me last week why continentals no longer accuse us of insularity, lack of imagination and the stuck-in-a-rut approach to cooking. We are, she says, learning at last the Continental approach.

First, a book of Hungarian recipes, all of which could be made from ingredients obtainable in Britain.

Then, for those who had more time to spare for learning about cooking, she turned her eyes to the kitchen into a School of Continental Cookery.

In the past we avoided using exotic spices and fancy sauces not because we didn't care for them, but simply, she declared, because we didn't know how to prepare them.

Mrs. de Biro is not talking as a visitor. She has been settled in London for six years. Little Mrs. de Biro is full of savoir-faire and once her husband was established in his City office, she set to work on behalf of British housewives.

First, a book of Hungarian recipes, all of which could be made from ingredients obtainable in Britain.

Then, for those who had more time to spare for learning about cooking, she turned her eyes to the kitchen into a School of Continental Cookery.

French, Spanish and Italian varieties, as well as Hungarian. There, she takes only ten pupils at a time, so that, as she put it in her attractive Hungarian accent, she can "teach everybody everything."

Each course consists of twelve lessons, in each of which she gives instruction for a complete four-course meal. At the end of each lesson she makes you sit down and see what you have cooked. And if you have not followed her teachings, you may pay in unexpected fashion.

By the time you have finished the course, you will have learned how to cook soup, entire meat, fish and poultry in twelve different ways.

If you find that you tend to cook the same thing over and over again, or if a "Monday morning feeling" infects your

cooking, try Mrs. de Biro's recipe for Hungarian Veal Goulash.

For this you will need:

- 8 oz. veal (or any kind of meat)
- 1 medium sized onion
- 1 tomato
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 full teaspoon paprika
- 1 gill water

Chop the onion finely and fry to a golden brown in hot fat. Take off the heat and add the paprika, salt and tomato, put in pieces. Put it back on the heat. Add the meat, cut into cubes. Stir it well and add the water. Simmer gently in a covered pan until tender. Before serving, you can mix in some sour milk, but this is not essential. Serve with "boiled" rice or broken macaroni.

HELEN SYME

Ideas to Enliven Your Bathroom

By Hazel Evans

HOW do you rate your bathroom? Do you regard it as a clinical cupboard to retire to for brief periods each day, a prehistoric monotony with a hissing geyser, or a room you are proud to own, gay and colourful, yet somewhere to relax in, and steam away the day's worries?

Many people suffer from too-small bathrooms, but even these can be improved. A wall washbasin, or one designed to fit in a corner takes up far less room than the pedestal kind.

Another idea is to copy the Americans and install a shower instead of a bath— but be sure to choose a model with an anti-splash valve!

A CONVERTED ONE

Or if you haven't a bathroom at all, you could make one out of the smallest bedroom by using caravan sized equipment which is specially scaled for the purpose.

If your bathroom is uncomfortably large, as is often the case in converted houses, you can give rein to your imagination and include all kinds of furniture.

Make yourself a dressing-table from two small chests, spaced with a knee-hole between, topped by a sheet of plate glass with bevelled edges. The glass can be fixed in place with chromium-plated corner pieces, and the whole arrangement placed in front of a wall mirror.

PLINY OF ROOM

This will give you a way of room to house everything all the windows "so that the clean towels, bath mats, other bits and pieces that get into the bathroom, might never a 'good wash' including celluloid dials, toy down, instead.

boats and other nursery accessories.

Promote an old fire-side chair to bathroom status by covering it in bright terry towelling, with cushions to match. And make yourself a set of cotton rugs from plaited lengths of material sewn into rounds, or a thick luxurious one from strips of cotton fabric, tufted through canvas or sack-lin.

COLOUR SCHEME

Accessories that make the bathroom livelier are green plants in metal holders. An idea that appeals particularly to children is to install a tank of tropical fish on the window-sill, or to give the room a colourful look in a more sophisticated way, find an old Victorian glass jar, and fill it with lemon and orange-shaped tablets of soap.

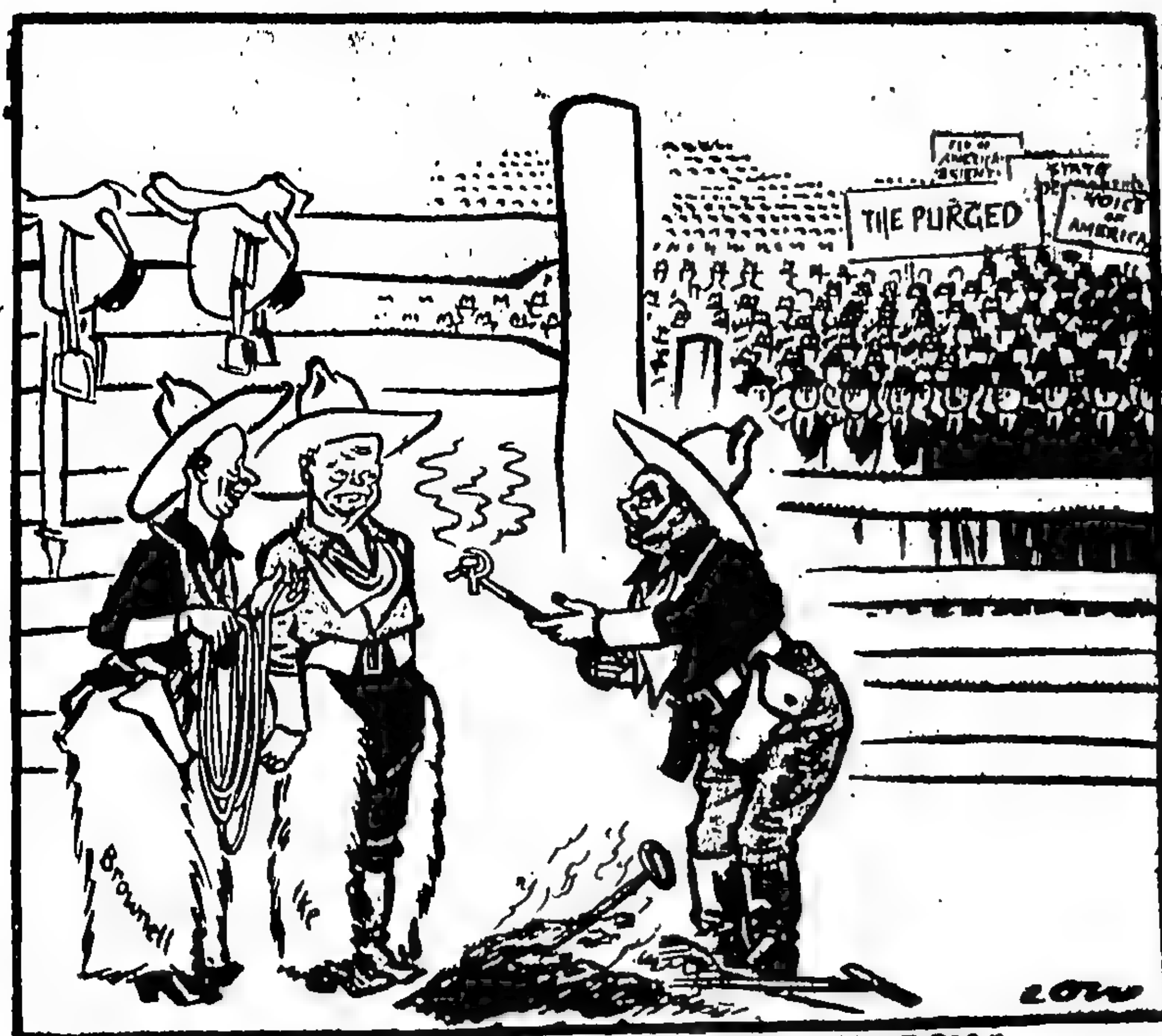
Choose bright colour-schemes to enliven the room — Siamese pink, deep aquamarine, or Delft blue and white. Put pictures into the bathroom, coloured prints that have been varnished, not covered with glass. A ring door-knocker on the wall by the bath makes a decorative holder for a towel.

People's attitude to baths differ tremendously. In digs in a country town, I once asked my landlady if there was a bath in the house. I was told with great pride that there was.

IT'S SOME BATH!

But when I asked for a bath, my landlady showed it to me with reluctance. It was in the other lodger's bedroom. To take a bath you had to carry the water upstairs, as there were no taps. As you tipped the bucket into the bath, the water cooled. Worse than that, you had to bail it out afterwards.

Not to be beaten, I tried the bucket routine one night, and climbed miserably into the tepid water. Suddenly my landlady rushed in and opened the door to her bedroom, and all the windows "so that the clean towels, bath mats, other bits and pieces that get into the bathroom, might never a 'good wash' including celluloid dials, toy down, instead.



"GO IN AND BRAND 'EM, COWBOY"

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

Red Propaganda Comes With The Bath-Water!

By SEFTON DELMER

THE marksmen of the Soviet propaganda batteries have been doing some pretty subtle shooting during these last few days. And they have been scoring remarkable hits. I watched a beauty land plumb in the slimming tub next to mine.

(Yes, I am still at it in the German cure house being dived, this morning, to remove some of those extra layers with which my life of hotels and restaurants in-credibly endows me.)

"So," chuckled my cure com-rade in his bath—he is a former ruler of Atlantic Walk, Steg-fried, Linsen, U-boat shelters, and is today making fat profits building airfields for the Americans.

"One might have guessed it," he said. "Thanks to their rely-ing on American equipment the NATO forces now have no re-

liable heavy or medium armour. How different things would be if we Germans were building the NATO panzers.

"Or even," he added generously, "you British. Your Cen-turions and Carnarvons are quite good."

Which, I am sorry to say, is just about what the Soviet propaganda chiefs want him to say.

No boos

MY cure-house comrade was fresh from reading excerpts from a 41-page article by the Soviet tank expert Colonel T.U. Wrangel in the Moscow Military Review.

Magnificent touch this by the Kremlin propaganda men. No blatant radio talk, boozing, and bluffing at the Americans about their bad tanks, which every listener would immediately identify as the propaganda it is. No, instead a solemn piece of closely-reasoned technical analy-sis in an obscure technical journal which has been allowed

to leak to the West. First-class!

Colonel Wrangel exploits the fact that the Americans have stopped production of their medium heavy M-47 tank. The reason for this, of course, is that they now wish to replace these models by better and more effective new tanks.

But Wrangel uses this to make out that the Americans have been forced to stop production because appalling mechanical deficiencies have been discovered in these tanks. And my German fellow-swimmer follows his arguments to the last logical inflexion.

So subtle

WRANGEL says that the American manufacturers wanted to cut costs and speed production and therefore with the connivance of the American authorities have been using poorer quality metals than originally prescribed. As a result the tanks, the Yugoslavs, the French, the Danes, the Belgians, the Dutch, and the Italians, all of whom have been receiving Patton tanks from the Ameri-cans, now find themselves, ac-cording to Wrangel, equipped with dud armour which cannot stand up to even four weeks of serious campaigning, let alone resist a direct hit.

"And that is the stuff," said my engineer friend, "the Ameri-cans want to hand to our new army when it is created. . . . Yes, a built-in eye for the Krem-lin."

Wrong!

EVERY time I visit Germany I am struck by the way police and newspapers here are allowed to pre-judge criminal prosecutions.

Before a man has even been arrested, let alone been tried and found guilty, the police tell the public through the news-papers they are hunting for the murderer So-and-So. And they give his name.

It is considered quite satisfac-tory for newspapers to print alleged confessions by arrested men passed to them by the police before these men have even come before a court.

Chancellor Adenauer and his Ministers are themselves among the greatest offenders.

Last spring, while the Chancellor was in America, the German police arrested a num-ber of men on suspicion of being members of a Soviet spy ring. The Government, de-lighted at the chance of im-pressing the Chancellor's Ameri-can hosts with its anti-Com-munism, with its anti-Com-munism (Continued on Page 14 Col. 2)



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CHURCHILL AND THE TORY REBELLION

By Beverley Baxter, MP

London. CONSIDERING the time of the year it was a lovely, sunny day and I do not doubt that Sir Winston Churchill's spirits soared as he made the short journey from No. 10 Downing Street to the House of Commons.

The House was meeting at 2.30 p.m. as usual. There would be an hour for questions and ministerial replies, followed by a desultory debate on whether or not a humble address should be presented to Her Majesty (who was far away) praying that the Transi-tional Powers Act of 1945, about to expire, should be given a new lease of life for one year. It was just one of those bread and butter days when a good housekeeper tidies things up.

The only chance of any con-trast lay in a group of ques-tions put down to be answered by the Parliamentary Secretary for Defence. There were seven of these questions, altogether, six in the name of Tories and one from a Socialist. All of them wanted to know from the Junior Defence Minister whether the small and aged group of retired regular officers—numbering a mere 350—were to have their pensions raised from the 1919 level on which they were still based.

To the surprise of the House Sir Winston rose when the questions were reached. "I have asked leave," he said, "to reply to these questions myself and, with the permission of the House, I shall do so at the end of Question Time."

An admit fellow sitting beside me whispered: "Winston's going to land out some lollipop, and wants to get the credit for it." The comment was not intended to be sardonic nor flattering. . . . It was just the British House of Commons in its usual mood.

But when the questions came to an end and Churchill rose there was no Father Christmas smile on his face. Obviously he was going to make an announcement that would bring thunder about his head. That was why he had taken the matter out of the hands of the Junior Minister. Churchill has his faults but running away from the storm is not one of them.

Quietly but firmly he ex-pressed sympathy with the plight of this small group of pensioned ex-Regular officers. He ad-mitted that these military servants of the Crown, like their brothers in the Civil Service, were suffering much hardship because of the failure of pensions to keep pace with the rising cost of living.

"The Government," said Churchill as he came to the end of his statement, "recognises the hardship. . . . but have come to the conclusion that it would not be possible to treat this problem as a special case at a time when so many other de-mands are pressing."

When the storm broke, Up jumped Sir William Keeling, a Tory and former

Major of the Borough of Westminster. As it was still Question Time the M.P.'s had to phrase their protests in the interrogatory form. "Is my Right Honourable Friend aware," demanded Keeling, "that his reply and the decision of the Government are wholly unacceptable on both sides of the House?"

Mr. Col. Lipton, a ranker-officer ex-Regular, asked from the Socialist benches whether Churchill realised that he was creating the impression that he wanted to solve this problem by allowing a small and dwindling number of men to die out al-together. Not content with that cruel thrust Lipton asked: "In view of the very small amount of money involved will the Prime Minister not recon-sider this very deplorable position?"

"Answer!" shouted a dozen voices. It was taken up by others on both sides. "Answer!" Churchill flushed angrily but made no attempt to rise. He was going to let the storm expend its fury before he tried to ride it.

Suddenly from his own ranks came not only a denunciation but a threat. Anthony Marlowe, M.P., who sits for Brighton-on-Sea declared that if Churchill did not alter his deplorable decision there were many Tories, including himself, who would refuse to vote for the Service Estimates.

This was something new. This was not only mutiny but a rebellion. A Government that does not carry its Service Estimates through would have to resign. It would mean that there would be no pay for the regular forces nor the expenses of normal military requirements.

If the Socialists had been wise they would have kept quiet and allowed the Tories to play the Pleading to their advantage. But in the excite-ment and the sense of drama our old friend Emanuel Shin-well could not keep quiet. After all he had been Secretary of State for War in the Socialist Government (although he had never seen active service as a soldier) and he had a priority right to intervene.

Carefully he "first" asked Churchill how much it would cost to give the pensioned officers the increase that was being suggested. After the figure had been given Shinwell asked if Churchill would not agree that so small a sum could hardly be regarded as sub-stantial. Once more we heard the old, old plea that the baby was such a little one.

This was too much for Churchill. It is not in his nature to offer the other cheek but rather to return two blows for one, and he had been hav-ing with extraordinary self-control. For him of all people to be denounced as the exponent of the helpless veteran officer! For him to hear that he was

being cautions, cynical even cruel to his comrades in battle who had become the casualties of peace! Like Hitler his patience was exhausted.

But still keeping his anger under control he rose and pointed his finger at Shinwell, shouting that the Socialists taunting him and the Socialists for this sudden sympathy for ex-officers. "I think it re-markable," he shouted above the din, "that Mr Shinwell in the long years in which he and his colleagues were in office, if they felt so strongly on the matter, did not deal with it themselves."

But even that did not allay the storm which swept against the Prime Minister from both sides of the House. The un-kindest cut came, like the thrust of Brutus against Caesar, from a gallant Tory war veteran named Brigadier Peto. "Are you aware," shouted Peto, "that your answer today will be re-garded by those few old officers who still survive, despite the cut, as a betrayal of the trust they previously held in you?"

In the noise and excitement Peto had forgotten the rule of the House that an M.P. of whatever rank must be referred to in the third person and not in the first.

The astonishing thing is that Churchill kept his temper. No one doubted that he was deeply hurt. No one doubted that he was deeply resentful. But he would have been less than human if he had not risen to declare: "I was well aware that the answer I gave would not be received with satisfac-tion, but it was for that reason that I felt it ought not to be given by a departmental Minister but by someone speaking with the considered authority of Her Majesty's Government."

Just for the moment the tem-pest lessened. We are a strange lot in the British House of Commons but as a unit we have a swift generosity that can ex-tend at times even to our op-ponents. We realised that Churchill had deliberately gone to the storm centre although there was no logical reason why the Junior Minister should not have taken the brunt of the attack.

But, cruelly, and I think too cruelly, it was left to young Major Legge-Bourke to drive home the knife. "May I ask the Right Honourable gentleman. . . ."

To the public that is quite harmless. To the people in the public galleries it meant nothing. But to those of us on the Parliamentary benches it was the very refinement of re-bellion. Which, I agree, requires an explanation. There are two kinds of M.P.'s in all British political parties; the few who are Privy Counsellors become "My Right Honourable Friend" to members of their own party or "My Honourable Friend" if they are just ordinary M.P.'s. Within a party everyone of the floor of the House is a friend of one degree or the other, while in the

enemy camp he is either the Honourable or Right Honourable gentleman.

Therefore Legge-Bourke's re-fERENCE to Churchill was one of calculated mutiny. The Socialists spotted it at once. "Are you addressing Churchill as one out-side the party."

Colonel Lipton, the Socialist, sneered: "So the Right Honourable and Gallant Gentle-man (Churchill) is no longer the Honourable and Gallant Gentleman's friend now?"

I do not want to pose as a detached arbiter of such a scene. The tendency of a writer is always to retain a degree of detachment which is probably the reason why writers have seldom risen to supreme power in politics. Therefore, I did not join in the uproar for the simple but formidable reason that I could see some-thing in both sides.

Undoubtedly Churchill had referred these questions to Chancellor Rab Butler. If I knew that there had been such a conference I would not set it down in print, but simply as an observer of the political scene I assume that the matter was so discussed.

Again, pursuing the path of logic, I imagine that Butler said: Prime Minister, these ex-officers have an undoubted claim upon us, and if it were an isolated case I would grant their demands. But we must remember that we are the Con-servative Party. If we selected this solitary example the Socialists would shout that we were recognising the claims of the poor and under-privileged when they happen to belong to the officer class. It would make my deliberations with the Trade Unions more difficult and it would bring all sorts of claims of ex-Civil Servants, old age pensioners, service pensioners and widows upon us. Hard as it is—and it has brought a row from our own chaps—we simply have to say that the recovery of the nation must be put be-fore the claims of any section of the nation."

Now, I ask any reader to say what he would answer if he were Prime Minister and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer put those arguments to him. I must go further and ask myself what my own attitude as a British M.P. should be.

I do not doubt the complete sincerity of any of my Tory colleagues who opened fire on Churchill. It is a consid-erable courage in a political party to attack your leader in the open. All my sympathies were with the little forgotten band of half-starved ex-officers living out a wretched, humiliating existence on something far worse than half-pay. Yet I found myself asking questions of Churchill's position.

There is much hardship in Great Britain because we could

against Nazi Germany from the first day to the last and paid a terrible price in gold and blood. No one wants to be reminded of that—certainly not the U.S.A. and probably not the Common-wealth. The old actor who tells everyone that he once played Hamlet is a bore. But now we are carrying a new and heavy burden in the cause of Western defence. We have to complete economically against countries like the U.S.A. which never endured the direct destruction of war. We have to fight our way back in a world that is rather weary of our reminders that we were and are a great power.

Poor Churchill! Does anyone imagine that he begrudged the few paltry thousands of pounds that would have done justice to less than a battalion of ex-officers? But on a wide front, extended to the limit, a com-mander cannot give way at any point. That was Churchill's position.

Every beat of my heart is for the ex-officers. Every process of the mind says: "Do not lessen the prestige or the authority of the man who re-presents his nation to the out-side world. I agree that there is nothing heroic in backing the leaders of one's own Party but that is exactly what I intend to do. If it brings sneers I do not care ainker's cuss."

Now I must knock off for a few hours because I must go to a secret meeting of the Con-servative members of Parliament where Eden and Butler, on be-half of Churchill, will face the rank and file of the Party. Therefore, if you will forgive me I shall lay down my pen until later in the evening when I shall make such further re-port as the situation allows.

MIDNIGHT.—As you will understand, a party meeting—held behind closed doors—must be secret and therefore I cannot disclose what happened. It is sufficient to say down that neither Eden nor Butler over-played their hands, and that most of the Party realised that the problem was not so simple as it seemed the day before at Question Time.

I wonder what there is about power that man reach for it like starving beggars for food. Churchill's immortality is assured not only by his actions but because he has written the history of his time.

There are no glories to be added to his curriculum, no new laurels for his brow. Yet from the pomp and panoply of war he is now engaged in the mundane business of trying to make the nation live on its earnings.

Thus in his 80th year he faces trouble, disappointment, fatigue and the impatience even of his own supporters when something like this pension episode occurs. It is harsh music when a Prime Minister hears the cry of "Shame!" from his own followers. But I must set down that on the following day he looked neither troubled nor nervous. Perhaps great men, like Wagner's Brunnhilde are pre-protected by a sacred fire and no one else can see.



RED PROPAGANDA IN THE BATH

(Continued from Page 13)

munist watchfulness, gave special publicity to the coup. It published the names of all the arrested men and accused them of being spies.

All but one of the prisoners have now been released without a shred of evidence being discovered against them.

During last summer's election campaign the Chancellor himself in his speeches accused a number of Socialist Opposition

candidates of being in the pay of Moscow and the Soviet Zono Government.

He gave their names and details of the payments. He and his party claimed that they had documents to prove the charges.

Now, six months after the elections, a couple of paragraphs, tucked away in insignificant positions, announce to the German public that the German Chancellor has apologised to those candidates whom he attacked so libellously.

Dr Adenauer handsomely admits that he was the victim of forged documents.

And everybody seems quite happy and ready to let him get away with it.

No charge

THE appalling thing is that we British are not really in a position to complain. For Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, permanent head today of the Foreign Office, was guilty of much the same kind of thing when, as High Commissioner last year, he authorised the arrest of neo-Nazi Dr Werner Naumann on suspicion of running a Nazi conspiracy against the safety of our occupation forces.

Special publicity was arranged for the arrests by the Foreign Office in London. Naumann and his alleged fellow-conspirators were kept incommunicado for several months.

Then they were passed to the Germans who released them. Not a word more has been heard of any charge being brought against them.

Valuable?

FOREIGN OFFICE men say that the whole thing was valuable propaganda in showing the Germans what the Nazis were up to, and that we would not let them get away with it.

I deny this. I say that the very contrary is the case. As long as the German Chancellor, British diplomats, and German police and newspapers are allowed to outstage the essential elements of individual liberty and the rule of law in this way, we can never expect Germans to develop any true sense of democracy and respect for the rights of their fellow-men. We are making them ripe to be Nazified.

THE COSMIC CRUSADERS

They see soccer on the moon

THE ADVENTURE OF SPACE TRAVEL. By G. V. E. Thompson, Dobson. 10s. 6d. 253 pages. FLIGHT INTO SPACE. By Jonathan Norton Leonard. Sidgwick and Jackson, 12s. 6d. 245 pages.

THIS year Space Travel celebrates its ninetieth birthday. It is French by nationality, German by annexation and American by adoption.

Ninety years ago it was born in the inventive mind of a bad-tempered, anti-British, puritanical, unsuccessful Paris stockbroker named Jules Verne, who became the author of a piece of flamboyant fiction clumsily named "From the Earth to the Moon."

Now space travel is the theme of what many students believe to be the fastest-growing section of publishing, with a steadily mounting readership. Its fanatically serious exponents look with kindly contempt on the pioneering Jules Verne, who sent his imaginary travellers to the moon inside a shell fired from a gigantic cannon (to the cost of which slings Britain alone refused to contribute, according to the Anglophobe Verne).

Gravity's tricks

Verne might have known, say the modern space-travel experts, that the only way to reach the moon is by rocket. Just how it could be done; what the cost would be; what the risks would be; these are topics which are discussed with awe-inspiring coolness by the dedicated literary crusaders of cosmic tourism.

Their high priest is a Teutonic amalgam of mystic and technician named Dr Werner von Braun to whom Britain owes its brief and disagreeable wartime acquaintance with the V2 rocket.

Von Braun, formerly head of the V2 project, now works for the U.S. Army Ordnance on guided missile development. He inspires a circle of American thinkers who, as Leonard tells in his trenchantly written book, grapple with problems of space navigation, the establishment of a satellite station in space (estimated cost 4,000 million dollars) as the first step on the moon-trip.

BOOKS
by George
Malcolm Thomson

The blue eyes of von Braun glow, says Leonard, like those of a Teutonic warlord as he describes the grand outlines of the project, while lesser thinkers devote themselves to practical details, e.g., the need to adorn the crews' quarters of the space station with pictures of pin-up girls.

Looking beyond this first timid phase in space travel, Thompson, a British enthusiast, thinks of planetary colonisation, pointing out that, among other attractions, a football game on the moon would be most interesting to watch, for the ball would frequently be kicked some 200 feet upwards, while the players would be able to leap up for 20 feet or so. Such are the tricks that gravity—or the lack of it—will play on the space men. In the space station, where gravity will be completely absent until (and unless) it can be artificially induced, air, according to Leonard, will not circulate because warm air will not be lighter than cold; men who incautiously fall asleep will find that the air expelled from their nostrils will act like a rocket, propelling them across the room.

Long way yet

The problem of the disposal of garbage engages the space architects. Were it simply ejected, the space station would soon be surrounded by a thin but faithful cloud of disseminated garbage. "This refuse," says Leonard, "will be unhygienic and will spoil the sharpness of astronomical observation."

But, as Von Braun says, in a faint German accent which resists criticism, "Enthusiasm and faith are necessary ingredients of every great project."

The reader may, at first, regard his study of space travel books as a journey to the furthest borders of science and sanity. He will bear in mind that there has only been one space traveller, so far, a white mouse which ascended 36 miles

and came back apparently unhurt. It is 238,857 miles to the moon. The space men have a long way to go yet.

DIPLOMATIC DIVERSIONS. By Roger Peyrefitte. Thames and Hudson. 12s. 6d. 279 pages.

A FRENCH diplomat called Georges is posted to Athens where, as Frenchmen will, he is quickly acquainted with the political and amorous situation, which has features markedly different from Paris.

While finding time for sentimental friendship with a young German diplomat and adventurous love for his ambassador's daughter, Georges is moving fast up the professional ladder, collecting decorations at record speed. Then a moment's rudeness to an influential page-boy in the International Club leads to his downfall and departure.

But it may be thought that Georges has tasted all that the Greek capital has to offer, from the Parthenon at dawn to a scandalous orgy in the French Embassy.

Diplomatic Diversion is cynical, near-witty, quite shameless. It will be searched diligently for sly references to the living.

One of its characters, a military attaché, believes that all French diplomats suffer from erotic mania. It is a delusion that Roger Peyrefitte's novel of high life and low living will do little to undermine.

FLIGHT INTO THE WINTER. By Juergen Thorwald. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. 255 pages.

THIS is the most appalling book which has so far emerged from the Second World War. It purports to give a factual account, garnished with a wealth of hideous detail, of what happened in East Prussia when the Russian armies swept over it in 1945. It is not for the squeamish and not for young people. For what it describes is an orgy of murder and rape.

Behind the nightmare of East Prussia, lay Hitler's invasion of Russia. Flight into the Winter is a sermon preached on the text: "For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."

PARADE

100,000 RUNAWAY HUSBANDS

Husbands are disappearing in the United States at a faster rate than ever before. They are running away from their wives and families, some for short periods, others permanently.

One authority—the U.S. National Desertion Bureau—estimates that the number of husbands who will be reported missing this year will be nearly 100,000.

The Bureau, and a number of commercial agencies, help wives search for their husbands, and frequently find them.

A husband who has been gone longer than six months, however, is seldom traced and seldom returns voluntarily to his wife.

The average age of the runaway husband in America is about 40. Most men at that age, says one authority, feel that life is passing them by, and that only a radical change in environment can give a sense of really living.

SMART BAB-00N

An African who went out baboon hunting is recovering in hospital from a wound he suffered when a baboon SHOT HIM.

Kasenga Nkalalyashi explained in Salisbury that he was aiming at the snarling baboon when the animal jumped down from its tree, wrestled the gun out of his hands and jolted the trigger.

SLIGHT INCREASE

Burglars Mohan Boukourma and Maj' Cherif appeared in a Paris court because they thought their one-year sentences were too stiff.

The judge didn't agree. He sent them both to jail for life.

CODESS LOCKED UP

Beliona, the goddess of war, might have been an inspiration to the Romans, but she has been only a pain in the neck to Australia's bureaucrats.

Other than her headress, the statue wears no clothes. And Canberra's wags delight in adding strange arrays of underwear.

Now she has been locked in a vault in the War Memorial. The bureaucrats didn't want the Queen to arrive to find her in

sugarbag brassieres—the garb in which she greeted the new year.

CALYPSO TO OLIVER

Calypso, it seems, are not the sole preserve of West Indian ballad mongers. Sierra Leone has its share of these gentlemen this column feels obliged to advise its hat. He has dashed off a calypso about all unlikely subjects—Mr Oliver Lyttelton.

The "Lyttelton Calypso" is reproduced in full in the latest Colonial Office literary production, "Sierra Leone. What it lacks in scanning and syntax it more than makes up in verve.

Sample:
Chorus:
"Welcome to the Secretary of State,
Here's what we'd like to mention
To his most immediate attention
"If it'd be given a date,
"With the very great Mister Lyttelton."

Verse:
"It would be good to have more and more tarmac roads,
"And bridges instead of these many ferries,
"Because it's bad to struggle with our loaded lorries."

OLD WAYS BEST

of advice from modern psychologists on how to bring up children, a headmaster has had some words to say on his own account.

Mr A. E. Eling, the headmaster of a council school in Taunton, was addressing a meeting of Taunton Rotarians.

And he said that when the eleven-year-olds come to his school he makes them repent after him on their first day: "I come to this school to work and learn something."

"I come to this school to do as I am told."

There was, he said, a clear difference between free discipline—which was excellent—and license, masquerading as free discipline.

"A boy left to himself no more grows into a decent, sensible adult than a plot of land left to itself grows into a garden."

Mr Eling, furthermore, makes sure that the boys learn quickly who is the boss: "When a boy comes to my room I will have him knock at the door, stand with his hands out of his pockets and say 'Sir'."

COOL HEAD

Trapped between lines, a five-year-old Jubahulpore "porter" soon thought fast when he saw an express train coming at him. He lay flat on his back and let the train pass over him—emerging smiling and unharmed.

NOW WHAT?

A man in Bikaner State who has been on a fast-to-death in protest against government wheat policy since January 28 was arrested last week and charged with attempted suicide. In gaol he is fasting in protest against his imprisonment.

HARD LESSON

Foreign shipbuilders, soliciting orders from Russia should study recent Finnish experience in this field. After three years of building dry cargo vessels and tankers for Russia and for China, Finland's giant "Valmet" shipyards are now completely bankrupt. Up to the end of last year, the shipyards lost £3 million on the Soviet orders.

To build the Russian ships, the Valmet Corporation has used up all its share capital, and has no funds to service the £4 million loan taken out to finance the orders. The "Valmet" Corporation is controlled by the Finnish Government, which has now appointed a Commission to inquire into the Soviet-inspired "depression."

One apparent explanation: Russia places the orders but when it comes to payment she offers money from Finnish war reparations funds of 1941 prices—the year when the reparations were made.

HARD WORK

The days of the Communist glamour boy, the high-powered record-breaking Stakanovite are numbered. A new system of "hard labour," devised in Russia and known as the "Chorechot Method of Control," is to be introduced in all Soviet factories by the end of this year.

The scheme will mean that every workshop, every department must have its own plan, showing production costs, utilisation of machines, consumption of raw materials, fuel, power and tools, production costs and a scheme for reducing them; the number of employees; their expected productivity, the average wage, and the wages available. It is expected that the "Chorechot" will "help" them.

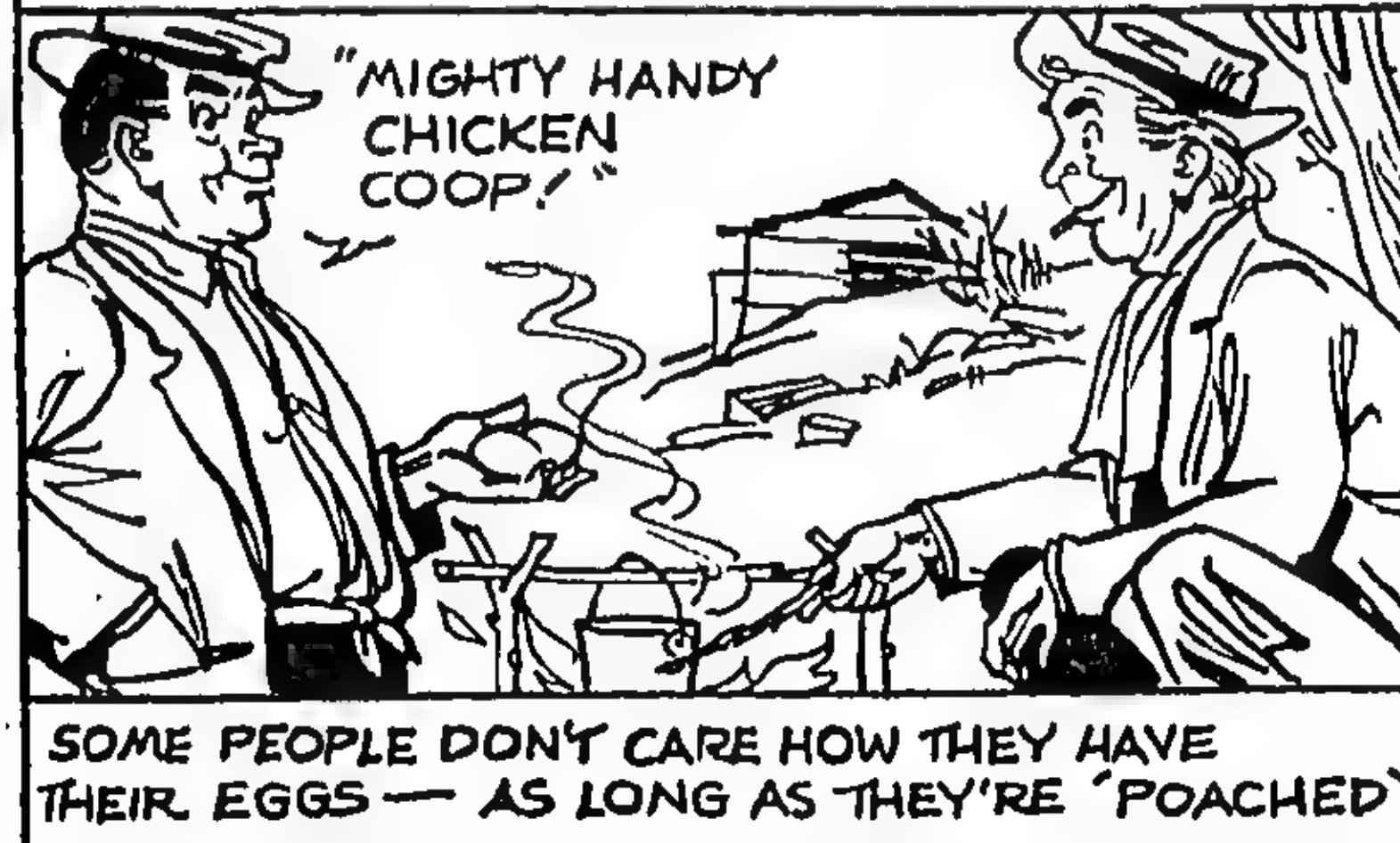
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

What's Cooking?

BY HARRY WEINERT



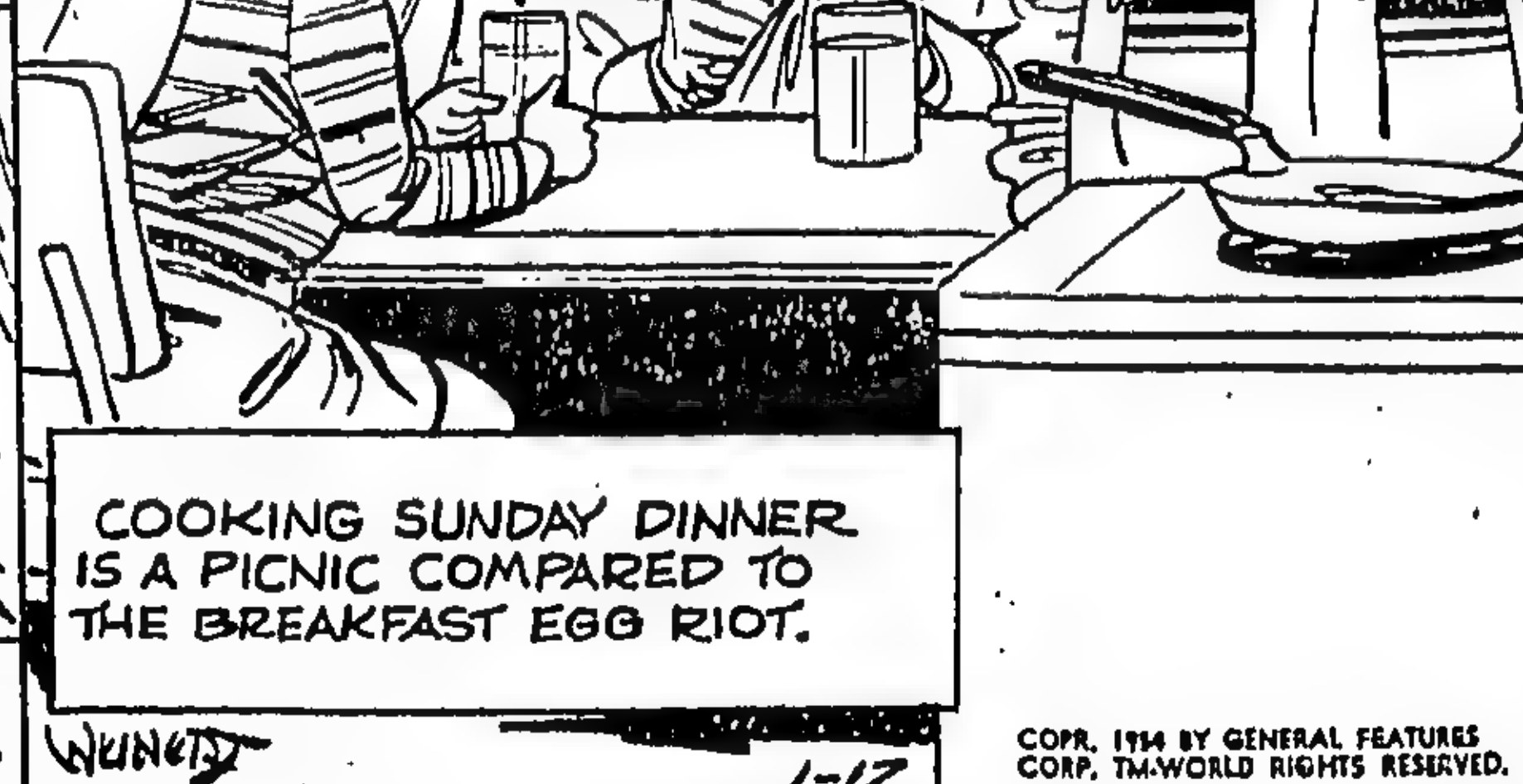
"STAY FOR DINNER AND TAKE POTLUCK" — SHE SAID.



SOME PEOPLE DON'T CARE HOW THEY HAVE THEIR EGGS — AS LONG AS THEY'RE 'POACHED'.



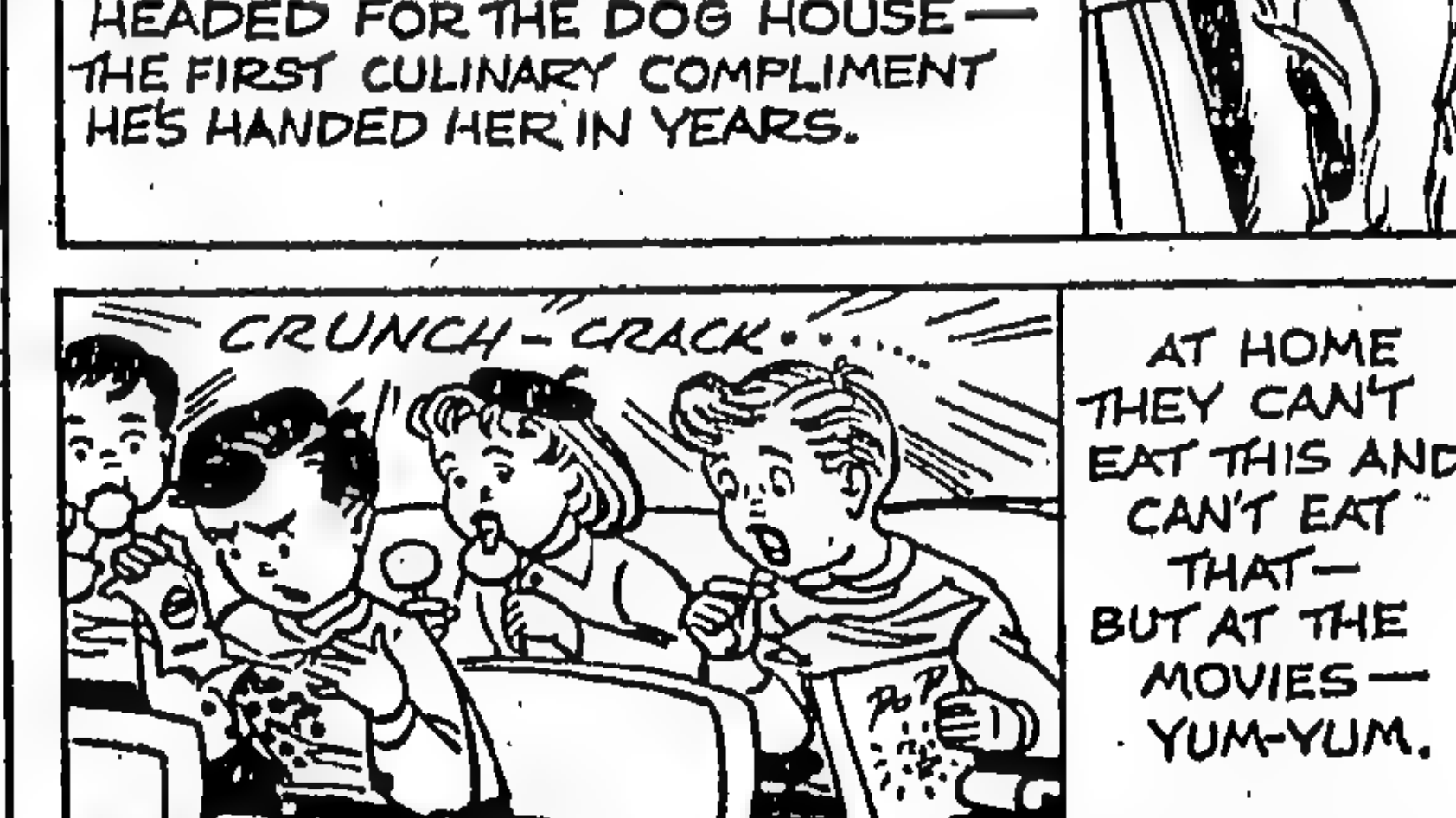
"SUNNY-SIDE UP!"



WUNNY



"IT'S DOGGIES' DELIGHT — WANT SOME?"



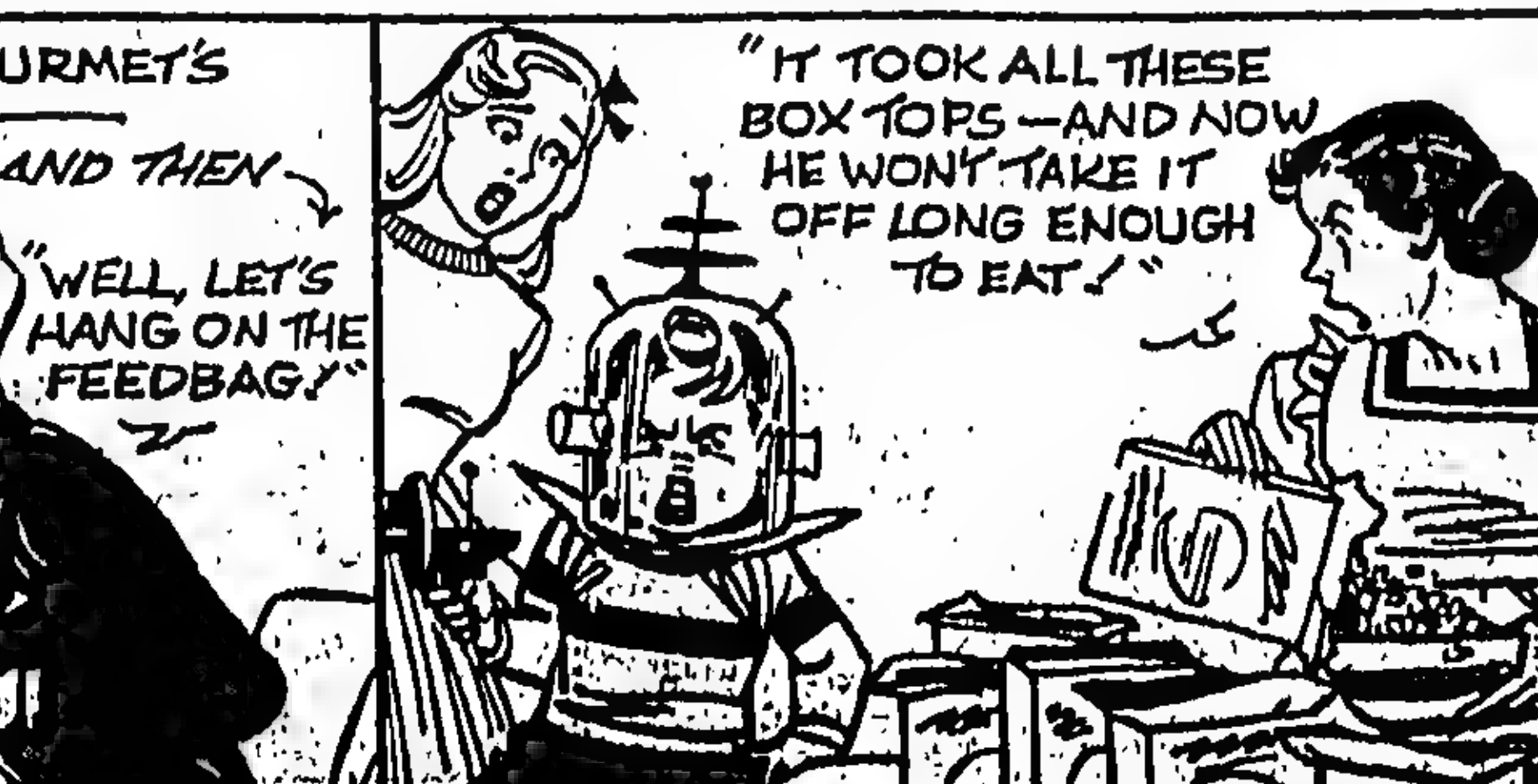
CRUNCH — CRACK —



"THE CHARACTER WHO SAID: 'IF YOU CAN READ YOU CAN COOK'."



AND THEN —



"IT TOOK ALL THESE BOX TORS — AND NOW HE WON'T TAKE IT OFF LONG ENOUGH TO EAT!"

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THE CHINA MAIL'S WEEKEND LOCAL SPORTS PARADE

WEEK-END CRICKET

By "THE ZOMBIE"

With the Senior and Junior titles already won by Army, Cricket League matches will in the coming weeks be mere routine play-offs of outstanding fixtures.

Only one First Division and one Second Division matches are scheduled for this afternoon. In the senior game, Revere will be hosts to University while in the junior game, RAF will entertain Indian Recreation Club at Kai Tak.

With their full team out, Revere are not likely to be stopped by the underdogs and should end up comfortably four points ahead of the runners-up in the Senior League.

Two interesting matches will be seen on Sunday. At Cox's Road, Kowloon Cricket Club lawn bowlers, who proved themselves as adept with the bat and ball as they are with the bowler when they overcame Tai Koo Dockyard some time ago, will take on their next opponents, Kowloon Bowling Green Club, in the Triangular series. The Bowling Club line-up is top secret and may be so strong that they will probably drop Frank Howarth.

In the other match it will be interesting to see how Major Chubb's XI which will probably consist of mainly the Champion Second Division Army cricketers, fare against the HKCC Occasionals.

Now that the League matches are practically over, it will be interesting if two special matches be arranged in which the two Army champion teams be asked to play the Rest. These would bring the League to a suitable close.

Owing to unavailability of scores of two matches, it is regretted that it is not possible to publish the League averages this week-end.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

Revere v. HKU

Second Division

RAF v. IRC

TOMORROW

Triangular Series

KCC v. KBGC

Friendly

HKCC Occasionals v. Major Chubb's XI

CHOICE OF WIGHTMAN CUP CAPTAIN IS URGENT

By ROY McKELVIE

Running through the streets of her home town the other day Miss Mary Harris, a leading Sussex lawn tennis player, was stopped by a well-meaning bus conductor who asked if she was being chased. She replied: "No, I am training."

Here was one of our more promising women players attempting to keep fit during the winter.

A good many more have been training and practicing on a covered court at Malda Vale under the auspices of Mrs Mary Halford, a former Wightman Cup player. "Mrs Halford's girls" played a recent match against women from the championship, Middlesex, and won.

But the problem of raising the standards of Britain's international women's team goes further than a few training runs and winter practices. Three things are needed.

The choice of a Wightman Cup captain who is a leader; a greater interest in women's lawn tennis by the all-male members of the LTA team-selection committee; and a more enthusiastic approach by the players themselves.

NO AUTHORITY

Mrs Halford has not been appointed Wightman Cup captain, though she was asked to organize these winter games. But she was given no authority. The job has been no sinecure.

The LTA have shown little interest other than composing a physical training chart when some of the girls were already following one prepared by that expert, Mrs Mollie Blair.

As the LTA now own Queen's Club, the practices could have taken place there. The owner of the Malda Vale court has been most generous, but does not permit men to play on the court, and practice against men is a good thing.

Mrs Halford has no power to create doubles teams. In consequence there were pairings of leading players that seemed ill-fated from the start—for instance, Miss Helen Fletcher with Miss Ann Shilcock; Miss Pat Ward with Mrs Joy Mottram.

Not the least of the factors against the development of our leading players as a team is the fact that they can enjoy the winter months abroad at no expense to themselves. They are in demand for such pleasant spots as Monte Carlo, where, it is true, they get some admirable practice early in the season.

Team spirit may be more difficult to develop among women than among men. This makes the choice and naming of a leader with considerable authority all the more imperative and urgent. The responsibility rests with the LTA.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

Pentangular Tournament Concludes Today

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon's games will see the final stages of the Pentangular Tournament when at 3.00 p.m. the Navy meet the RAF in what will probably be the needle match of the Tournament.

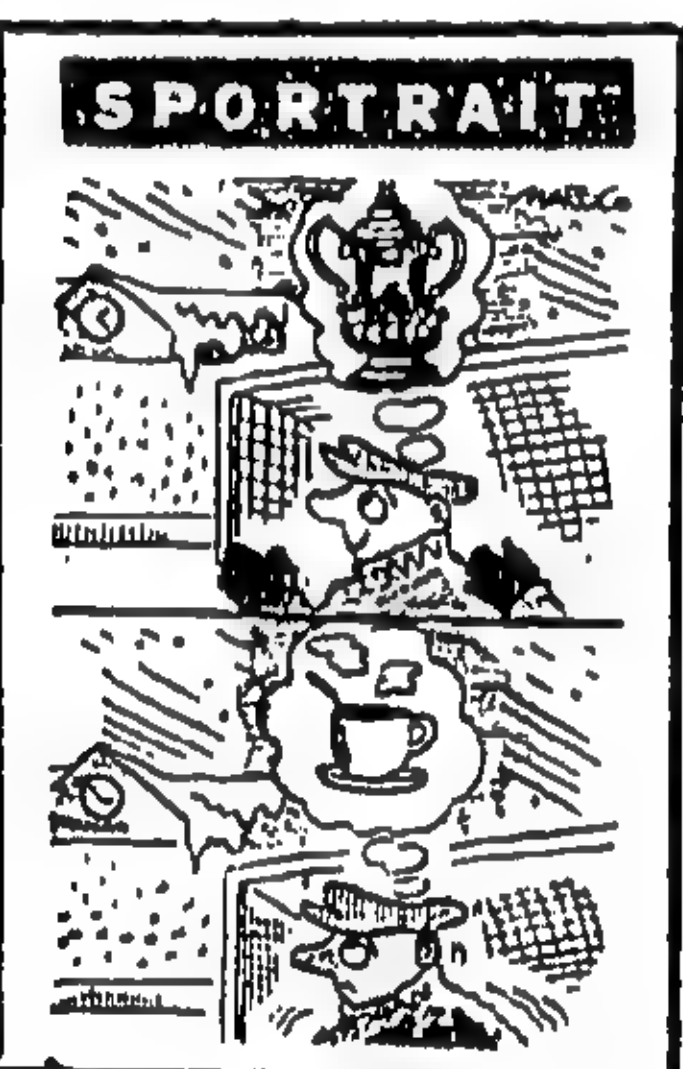
This will be followed at 4.15 p.m. by the Army versus the Club. As a curtain raiser the Club "B" take on the 27th HAA, RA at 2.00 p.m. The venue for all these matches is the Club ground at Happy Valley.

Since this is the end of the Tournament it is perhaps as well to consider the various standings in the Table before discussing the games.

The positions in the Table are:

	P	W	L	F	A	Pts
Navy	7	6	1	115	30	12
Army	7	6	1	68	11	12
Club	7	3	4	90	87	6
RAF	7	2	5	49	64	4
Police	8	1	7	17	101	2

This of course will result in a tie for top place between the Army and the Navy unless either are beaten in today's games. This time it is quite on the cards that in the game at 3.00 p.m. the Navy will indeed be overcome as they have had a lot of trouble to get a XV together. Most of the Navy ships will have left harbour before this afternoon.



London Express Service.

The Navy are turning quite a strong team, but their three-quarter line is a little slow on the mark, and while they would probably do well against one of the other teams, they will really have to pull up their socks against this newly reconstituted RAF XV.

The Navy should still win the major share of the set and loose scrums, but whether they will be allowed to get their three-quarter line working is in a much more doubtful category, because the RAF now have two very good and fast break-away forwards.

The RAF on the other hand are putting forth the team which so easily overcame the Club last week, and it is a pity that this new team has not, as yet, been seen against stronger opposition, so that its strength could be better judged.

As Dark is still in the Colony he will again take his place in the three-quarter line, and will be the thorn in the side of the Navy, and the man they must mark, and stop, at all costs, as he is exceedingly fast and dangerous.

Eden at full back is perfectly capable of looking after the Navy's breakdowns, and seems to have a very safe pair of hands.

Davidson who was back in the pack last week, and looking much happier, is there again, and now that he has some confidence in his backs should be able to concentrate on his job as forward and captain.

The only apparent weakness in this RAF team is the weight of the pack, which is on the light side compared to the Navy's and they will have to go all out in the lineouts, and the loose mauls to get their share of the ball.

Despite this lack of weight I think they will get enough of the ball to overcome Navy by a small margin. Whoever wins this game goes it will present plenty of thrills and good rugby.

If the RAF win, as I think they will, this will bring them on a level with the Club in the table, and leave the Army the winners of the Pentangular for the second year running.

ARMY V. CLUB

The last game between the Army and the Club should, after last week's performance by the Club, see the Army emerge the victors by quite a comfortable score.

Both teams have made a few changes, and it is to be hoped that the alterations in the Club team produce a stronger XV than they fielded previously.

Once again, due to the Bank Balance, some of the Club's best players are doubtful starters and may possibly be missing from the line-up, but it is to be hoped that such will not be the case.

The Army are as usual fielding a fairly heavy and fast pack, backed by their redoubtable three-quarter line, and unless the Club's play improves, in all and every department, there seems to be little to stop the Army from rolling over the Club.

However, the Club has, before now, suddenly produced their best form after a series of reverses, and they might just do it again this afternoon. The last time these two teams met the Army won by 25 points to all, but I very much doubt whether the Army will reach such high figures this afternoon.

The opening game at 2.00 p.m. between the Club "B" and the 27th HAA, RA will probably be a report of their last game together, which resulted in a very close score after a remarkably good game.

There is little to differentiate between the two teams, but the 27th will probably win by a small margin. Club "B" are fielding a strong side, unless, of course, some of their players have been borrowed by the 1st XV; and, if their pack can follow up a little faster, they stand a good chance as they have a strong three-quarter line.

STUMPING THE UMPIRE

A bowler is running up to deliver the ball. He sees the non-striker out of his ground and throws the ball at the wicket, misses it, and two runs are taken. Should they be allowed? (writes Bruce Harris).

Here is a question, one of 46, directed at umpires seeking full membership of the Association of Cricket Umpires. The answer, of course, should be that two runs are scored and are reckoned as no-balls.

STIFF TEST

First-class umpire A. E. D. Smith, of Hertfordshire, chairman of the training committee, set candidates a stiff oral and written test, which nearly half of those wishing to be lifted from associate to full membership passed with 80 per cent marks or better.

These umpires will be watched on the field of play during the summer. The object of the newly formed association is to improve the standard of umpiring in club cricket.

The energetic officials who are responsible for the present enterprise are due all praise for their work and I am certain that they are fully aware that there is still a lot to be done before the system can be classified as 'very satisfactory'.

The Club has made an excellent start and given a valuable lead and I believe that they already decided on certain modifications.

They realise only too well that the present sixteen 1,000 W lamps are not nearly sufficient to flood the ground and exclude shadows, and I think we shall see big improvements when the game comes along.

COUPLE OF POINTS

There are a couple of points, however, which I think the Club officials should consider when they have their next experimental game. The first point concerns the outfits worn by the two teams.

A few years ago I was present when scientific tests were carried out to decide on the best colours for teams playing in floodlight matches; many colours and combinations of colours were tried out and after a lot of elimination the following colours—here I have to trust to memory—were recommended: white, orange, yellow, light blue, bright red, and several combinations of them. The committee also suggested that green, dark blue, maroon, and vertical stripes should be avoided as far as possible.

I am sure that those people who watched the game on Wednesday, will appreciate the accuracy of that when they recall the difficulty they had in quickly picking out the 'Newcastle' players who wore black and white vertical-striped shirts and dark blue or black shorts.

If we are going to have games under the lights I think the two opposing teams should get together and consider the important question of colours. This would increase the enjoyment of the game for the spectators as well as assist the players on the field.

The second point is the provision of some sort of low screen behind the goals to pick up the light and so enable the players to spot the goal when they are moving fast with the ball, and incidentally I pass the tip to 'Big Young' and his committee that a recent trial was carried out in the United Kingdom using luminous goal posts and cross-bars...and luminous shirts!

JUST AS TRUE

Lord Bellingbroke gets credit for the following statement: It is a very easy thing to devise good laws; the difficulty is to make them effective. He made that statement in relation to the laws of a nation, but it is just as true when applied to football.

The thousands of fans who saw the KMB-Army game a few weeks ago will recall the famous 'after the whistle' goal that caused so much controversy around the Colony.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

FLOODLIGHT FOOTBALL—A GREAT NEW FIELD OF SPORTING POSSIBILITIES

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Floodlight football came to the Colony on Wednesday evening and brought with it the opening to a great new and spectacular field of sporting possibilities. For a first tryout the arrangements for the Club's game with HMS Newcastle had much to commend them but I think I know enough about the Club officials to feel confident that they will not be complacent or pay too much attention to the local scribe who reported that the 'floodlighting was most effective' and that the general set-up was 'very satisfactory'.

I have been witness to many big games under floodlights in the United Kingdom and also matches on the grounds of many of the lesser clubs who have installed floodlighting systems in the hope of increasing revenue. The present arrangement at the Club ground does not by any stretch of imagination compare with these installations. Now that is not intended in any way as a criticism but rather as a factual pointer for those who were not at the Stadium and who might be misled by well-meaning, but somewhat misleading, comment.

The energetic officials who are responsible for the present enterprise are due all praise for their work and I am certain that they are fully aware that there is still a lot to be done before the system can be classified as 'very satisfactory'.

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The thousands of fans who saw the KMB-Army game a few weeks ago will recall the famous 'after the whistle' goal that caused so much controversy around the Colony.

After a considerable lapse of time the referee concerned appeared before the appropriate committee of the HKFA last Friday and the post-inquiry statement from the FA must surely rank as one of the classics of understatement: "...the referee made an error of judgment..."

Football has good laws and one of two that, from time to time, cause us a little worry. As Lord Bellingbroke would comment, the real difficulty is to make them effective.

The referee may have made an error of judgment in blowing his whistle as the ball came over to Szeo Man. ...But IT WAS AN ERROR OF LAW THAT ALLOWED PLAY TO CONTINUE AFTER THE WHISTLE. ...WHATEVER THE CIRCUMSTANCES MAY HAVE BEEN.

This whole incident has become a little unsavoury and is now best forgotten but the FA would have satisfied many people if their findings had been more in keeping with what the eyes and ears of about 14,000 spectators saw and heard at the time of the incident.

FAITH RESTORED

From time to time one hears of some pleasant little incident that helps restore one's faith in the human side of football. Here is a little story that came to me a couple of weeks ago and which I have withheld until now.

You will recall how just before the second Koege game Stevens, the Army left-half, received a last minute invitation to play in the Hongkong Selection and how he sported the outstanding player on the field.

At the official dinner after the series was finished Captain George, the Army Secretary, was presented with the honorary life membership badge of the Koege Club and I know that he was delighted with the honour. Later in the evening it was noticed that the badge was in Stevens' lapel...quietly given to him in appreciation of his co-operation in having set at such short notice...and also, of course, for two seasons' grand service to the Army team.

In the other week-end games Kwong Wah should get the better of St. Joseph's, unless, of course, their midweek marathon with KMB has sapped their strength and Sing Tao should have little trouble with CAA in spite of the Athletic's draw with Club last week.

WEEK-END GAMES

There is a most interesting programme of matches listed for next week and with many of the games having a direct bearing on the League Championship they will be followed eagerly by the supporters of the rival clubs. The full list of games is as follows:—

Today
RAF v. Club at Sookunpoo, 4 p.m.
South China v. Kitchee, at Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.
Kwong Wah v. St. Joseph's at New ground, 4 p.m.

Tomorrow
Army v. KMB at Club ground, 4 p.m.
CAA v. Sing Tao at Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.

Police v. Eastern at Boundary Street, 4 p.m.

Tuesday, March 2
Sing Tao v. Kwong Wah at Club ground, 4.30 p.m.
Navy v. KMB at Caroline Hill, 4.30 p.m.

Wednesday, March 3
Army v. Kitchee at Caroline Hill, 4.30 p.m.

Thursday, March 4
CAA v. South China at Caroline Hill, 4.30 p.m.
With South China, Kitchee, KMB and Army all engaged in top-of-the-pole encounters there is enough in the programme to satisfy even the most exacting spectators.

The unexpected defeat of Army by Sing Tao has set the edge off a couple of the games but there is still enough at stake to ensure that there will be several packed stadiums.

Pride of place over the week-end will be shared by South China and Kitchee today and KMB and Army tomorrow. Kitchee will enter their game with loads of confidence after their clear cut win over the Champions in their last meeting but I do not think they will come out on top this time and I expect to see South China clear out winners.

The RAF-Club tussle is a difficult one to forecast, as it could very easily go either way, but I have an idea that the Club is just the sort of team to upset the clever Airman who are playing so well at the moment. I take the Club to win, but...

Police should not take recent Eastern defeats as a guide to their true form and I think they will do well to share the honour.

The Army-KMB clash is another hard one to forecast. I know that on current form the Busmen will start favourites but that is just when the Army side is most dangerous. This will be a clash of two very different styles and a good contest, even without Stevens' man, well produced another South China upset. A lot will depend on the ability of the Army to hold Szeo Man and Leo Tai-fai.

In the other week-end games Kwong Wah should get the better of St. Joseph's, unless, of course, their midweek marathon with KMB has sapped their strength and Sing Tao should have little trouble with CAA in spite of the Athletic's draw with Club last week.

THIS WEEK'S TALKING POINTS:

(1) What is the reason for the exclusion of top Chinese star Wei Fat-kin from the list of players invited to train for the so far hypothetical visit of the Taiwan side to the Asian Games?

(2) Have you noticed how many of our referees run around with their whistle in their mouth for virtually the whole course of the game? I believe that this is a practice that is frowned upon in the highest circles of British and international referees, as it is considered that it is difficult to speak clearly when the whistle is in the mouth.

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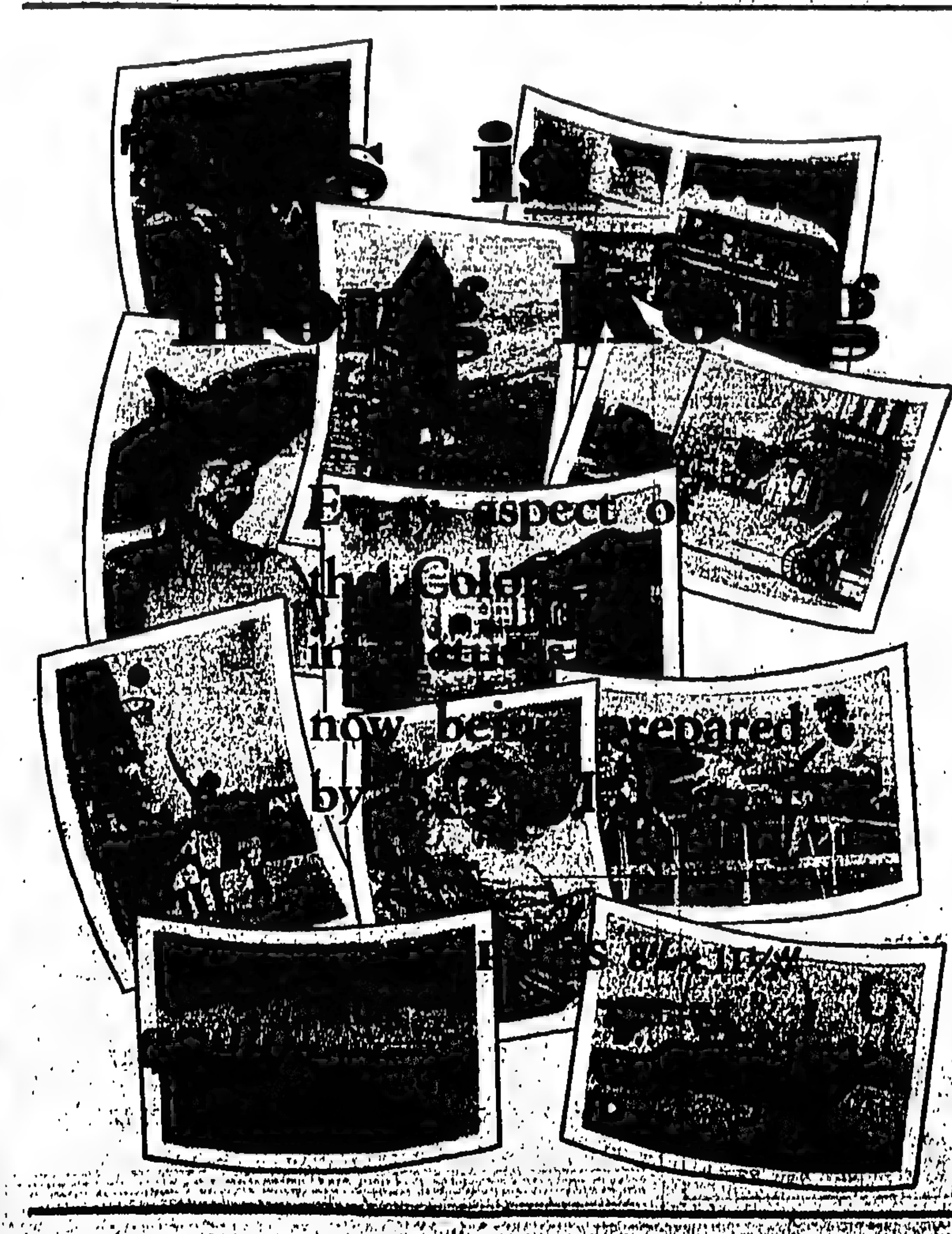
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POP

YOU LOOK TIRED
POP - WE WONT
READ TO NIGHT.



I'LL SLEEP LIKE
A LOG!



I WISH I COULD
BUT I'M TOO WORRIED
ABOUT MY MONEY
AND MY GLASSY
LOOK!



Caught napping

Don't risk
your sight—
it cannot be
replaced.



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

WARRIORS SHOULD MAKE THE BRAVES SWEAT IT OUT TOMORROW

By "SNOOPER"

The manner in which the Warriors held Mak Kwong's Chinese Athletic Association in contempt last Sunday at least engenders the feeling that they have the capabilities of making Ed Carvalho's champion Braves sweat it out when the two teams clash in the feature Senior "A" Softball League tussle on Sunday—that is, if the Warriors can field anything approaching their full-strength team.

The Warriors who are saved from relegation by the even greater softball poverty of both South China and the Rexes, must clearly do something more in their own interests, and soon, if they are hoping to finish among the best four teams in the League.

Their troubles, never more clearly portrayed than last Sunday against the Chinese Athletic Association, centre on the unfamiliar absence of craft and imagination in their infielders. I have long contended that pitcher Joey Franco, since his knee injury, needed more rest, and I am unshaken in this view after seeing his complete subjection by the CAA's punt strategy last week-end.

The Braves, with the scheming Ed Carvalho behind the team, will no doubt put pressure on Franco should the Warriors start him on the mound.

Due to Franco's lack of skill in picking up bunts, it should be manager Alfredo Oliveira who should be instructed to cover man Ricky Azavedo to cover the pitcher. Catcher Ernesto Souza has played delightfully against the CAA and his display all round was sturdy and competent behind the plate.

Although Alfredo Oliveira tried nobly he was mislaid at first but should give a much better account of himself at centre field. Peter Hahn at third is consistent, but the star of last Sunday's game was George Marques who played with tremendous inspiration.

But even allowing for such things, the weaknesses of the infielders and the lack of leadership and coaching the unpredictable Warriors are still a good ball team capable of topping the Braves in this return game.

DISAPPOINTING DISPLAY

In their last appearance at King's Park, the Braves, without their stars, gave a most disappointing display against the Rexes, winning by 12-9 in a five-inning tussle.

To the Braves' discomfort, they are without ace pitcher Chappie Remedios, and those who follow the fortunes of the Braves this season expect manager Carvalho to start pitcher Jack Brown and catcher Frankie Correa tomorrow.

The Braves, who are still mathematically in the Championship running, are four games down to date and any hopes they have will be practically shattered if they go down to the Warriors. The champions should come back into the picture with a bang and should beat the Warriors the second time.

HIGH SCORING

High scoring is expected in the game between Jindoo Hassan's Saints and Chev Tsai's South China in the second Senior "A" game commencing at 3.30 p.m. Hits that must surely flow from the bats of Benny Omar, Art Orosio, Vic Pedruco and Dave Leonard

should give the Saints at least a few runs against the ineffective pitching of Dick Lau.

The Saints, still interested in regaining the Pennant which they lost to the Braves last season, are fielding their full strength.

LADIES' PLAY-OFF SERIES

Catch Eddie Marques' red-shirted Colleens face Pearl Chan's Pandas in the first round Ladies' Play-off Series clash commencing at 9.30 a.m. tomorrow. This should develop into a thrilling finish between two evenly-matched teams.

Although the Colleens accounted for Bimbi Abiong's Pandas "A" last Sunday, their style was hardly as commendable as good as that of the Pandas. Handsome as is handsome does, and the important point is that the Colleens, with less than half a game of play, collected 12 hits off an injured pitcher Terry Noronha in the last three innings to win the ball game. Those 12 hits were perfectly good hits, while the last one was a glorious fly to centre field by Pamela Hail who scored the winning home run for the Colleens.

Without attempting to whitewash the Colleens' players, it must be said that they were most fortunate to beat the Pandas and unless they produce first class softball their prospects of beating the Pandas for the first time are not bright. In the two League games played previously the Pandas were victorious by narrow margins and Eugenia Kwok catching the Pandas can count on this reliable battery for a third successive win.

Prominent Pandas' players who should play an important part in tomorrow's game are pitcher May Wu, catcher Eugenia Kwok, shortstop Amy Cheng, Bonnie Chang at third, and outfielders Stella Pih and Sally Lee.

In the Junior Play-off Series game, Virgil Ribeiro's Wahoes "B" who sustained their first setback at the hands of the Caroliners last Sunday, are out to score their initial win over the Chinese Athletic Association. The Wahoes are favoured to win by at least three runs.

THE DECIDER

Fred Diesta's Pi Dodgers who went down ignominiously to Bob Suzman's Americans by 11-5 in the first round encounter last Sunday, will make a greater effort to put up a good fight in tomorrow's crucial game in the Senior "B" League. The Americans are out to make it a second victory to qualify for the Final Play-off with Jimmy Herriek's Pandas.

The Dodgers were definitely out of the picture owing to the poor pitching performance of Vony Rey who developed jitters in the first innings to allow the Americans to register seven runs. Rey, who was relieved of mound duties by Fred Diesta himself in the fifth, experienced one of his worst patches in the League but will be given a good chance to redeem himself in this return tilt.

With the inclusion of old-timers in the team, Bob Suzman is optimistic that the Americans will record a repeat winning performance against the Dodgers. The battery of pitcher Daniel Remedios and catcher Rod Pereira has proved its mettle while the infielders will be first baseman John Heide, second baseman Armstrong, third baseman Jack Carvalho and shortstop Jack Bordwell. The outfield department will consist of left-fielder Brimley, centre-fielder Wheeler and right-fielder Chuck Cross.

TODAY'S GAMES

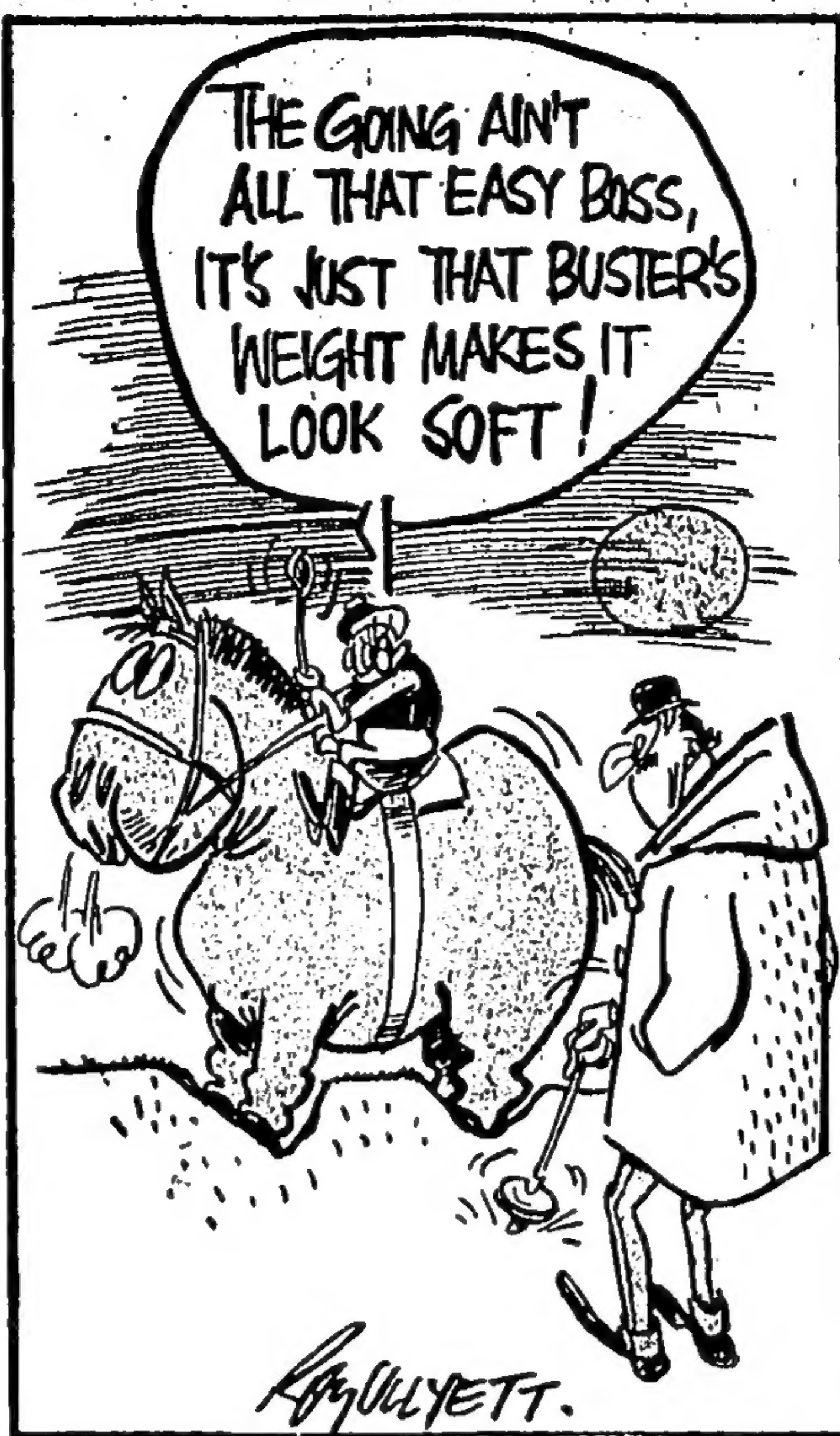
The Chinese Athletic Association, out to annex the Junior Pennant for the first time, should once again display an all-round game to beat the Comets in the opening game this afternoon. The CAA, who were surprisingly defeated by the Cubs to lose their unbeaten record, are currently one game ahead of the Pandas and should treat this game with all seriousness.

The Maumans, noted by the Pandas 3-2 in an eight inning game last week, should atone for this setback against the Rookies in the second game. Last Sunday, the Rookies accounted for the Chinese Athletic Association's second stringers by 10-9, the failure of which was the manner in which the Rookies registered their win in the last inning.

The best game of the afternoon will be the return meeting between the Pandas and the Cubs and this should develop into a tight game.

Since the season started, the Pandas, mostly youngsters from Shanghai, have delighted their supporters with a good brand of ball and have been practising consistently at King's Park, and this versatile team of softballers should beat the Cubs by a narrow margin today. A win for the Pandas will enhance their prospects for the Junior Pennant.

The 25 Gunners should score a clear-cut victory over the winless Chinese Athletic Association's second team in the fourth game of the afternoon. The Gunners, who had not the best of luck when they lost their star pitcher Dave Cooper in the later stages of the League, can play good ball, and should they demonstrate an unyielding mood the soldiers should win by at least six runs today.



RUSSIAN GESTURE HAS PUT ARSENAL ON THE SPOT

Says HAROLD PALMER

The Soviet invitation to Arsenal to play two matches in Russia next August has put the Highbury club on the spot. It would be a great distinction to be the first League club to visit Russia; yet, because of their reputation, Arsenal must give the proposition very serious consideration.

It is unfortunate that this invitation to play games in Russia, in return for those played by the Moscow Dynamos in England in 1945, should have been delayed so long; and should come at a time when English soccer is at a low ebb. It comes, too, when Arsenal are no longer our leading club.

Arsenal, too, must bear in mind that they are not a team likely to be suited by the dry, hard conditions that will most probably prevail in Moscow in August. Remember what happened to Arsenal on the dry grounds at the beginning of this season? Only two points from their first eight games. That could happen again in similar conditions.

THEY LIKE THE MUD

Arsenal are more effective when the going is heavy. Spurs, who won five of their first eight games in the dry conditions, would have been a better proposition.

Arsenal would have to start training three weeks earlier than usual if they were to be fit and ready for these Russian matches. Any question of a tour in May would have to be scrapped so that players could have a reasonable break.

Centre-forward Tommy Lawton would, I know, welcome the

opportunity of playing against Dynamos once again.

He led the Chelsea attack in the first match of the Dynamos tour when the result was a 3-3 draw.

When the Dynamos were in England in 1945 few English clubs were at full strength. Arsenal, for the match in which they lost 4-3 to the Dynamos in the fog at Tottenham, borrowed Stanley Matthews, Stanley Mortensen, Ronnie Rooke and Joe Bacuzzi. None of the Arsenal regulars who were in that team is now with the club.

I did not travel all round Britain with that Dynamo team without learning how difficult it must have been to reach understanding with the Russian officials.

Despite all that I saw, Arsenal must accept this invitation. I am sure of one thing at least, that there is no club whose players would fight with more spirit to uphold British prestige than Arsenal.

—(London Express Service)

Now Is The Time For H.K. To Enter The Davis Cup Tournament

Says "ARGONAUT"

In another week's time or so the 38th Annual Hongkong Open Grasscourt Tennis Championships will be completed. Fifty entries in the singles event and forty in the doubles have not only shown the excellent support given to this year's tournament but also have given some very enjoyable games to a number of the competitors.

Instead of having to face the dreaded first-round slaughter, most of the competitors found that the bigger field meant that they were pitted in the earlier rounds in the majority of cases against players of their own class. This should be an encouraging factor to would-be competitors in future Championships. The more they come in, the more they will get out of it.

With the big entry it was unavoidable that there has been a wide variation of standard, but it is pleasing to note that the worst in this year's tournament were by no means inferior to those in previous years.

Highlighting the championship, however, is the fact that those on the top crest are playing the best tennis that the Colony has ever had. I refer to K. H. Ip, K. C. Dao, Edwin Tsai and V. T. Wang.

The benefits that they have derived from foreign competitions and in playing against world-ranking players are more than evident in Ip, Dao, and Tsai.

NO DOUBT

On present form, there is no doubt that Ip, despite whatever gallant opposition that Dao or either Edwin Tsai or V. T. Wang may offer, will emerge the Colony Champion for the fifth time in six years.

Had Ip not missed the Championship last year by being away in Saigon, he would this year be equalling the record of Ng Szek-woing who held the title for six years running from 1918 to 1923.

Among the newcomers, the performances of the Colony's up and coming youngsters have been specially encouraging. Francis Ma, Thomas Lo and W. K. Chung, by reaching the quarter-finals of the singles, showed that they have made rapid advance from the meek crowd but their quarter-final defeats by K. C. Dao, Edwin Tsai and V. T. Wang respectively at very low scores indicate that they still have a long way to go to reach Championship class.

It will take still quite some time to bridge this gap and in view of this and the fact that Hongkong has its best ever set of top players at the moment, the HKSTA should seriously consider participation in the Davis Cup.

This would give the Colony's youngsters something to look forward to and it is doubtful that Hongkong will be capable of producing the same standard as she can now with Ip, Dao and Tsai in even another 20 years' time. Hongkong is already participating in international tournaments in table tennis and badminton, and why not tennis?

In the doubles event it is a foregone conclusion that K. H. Ip and Edwin Tsai will annex the title.

In most of the games played a gratifying feature has been the conspicuous accent placed on the attacking game.

Their defeat in the second round should be no disparagement to the Schoolboy Champions, M. C. Ng and C. P. Ho, and I for one was glad that in the face of defeat they did not turn back to a game of pat-ball instead of tennis. Once they cultivated this habit, it would be extremely difficult for them to build their game on the speed and power which modern tennis demands.

In the successful conclusion of the Championships a special word of praise must be extended to the efficient way in which all the fixtures have been run by the Tournament Secretary, Mr. J. D. Mackie, and his band of voluntary helpers, the umpires.

In one department, however, some improvement can be made which may be useful not only in Championships but also in big exhibition matches. In his

recent games here the Swedish ace Bergelin showed some annoyance with the ball-boys and for this he could not be blamed.

In a hard match one is easily nettled when one has to wait between services or points for the ball or stoop to get it when it comes.

A GREAT HELP

It will help a great deal if the following instructions be given to ball-boys:

Throw the ball full-toss to the server and not full-volley it; collect all the dead balls as soon as possible and don't hold them, but roll them on the side of the court to the boy on the server's end, so that he always has a supply of balls to throw to the server.



—(London Express Service)

My Best Golf Shot

Faulkner's Courage Paid Off

By JAMES GOODFELLOW

Match Play Champion Max Faulkner tells of a risk taken when he won his title in an exciting 36th green finish at Canton last September.

Said Faulkner: "When all square with Dai Rees, with one hole to go, I pulled my tee shot behind trees.

"My feelings can be imagined. At the end of round one I had been 4 up; after 9 holes in the second, the lead was three. And when Rees won the 10th, 15th and 17th holes my advantage had gone.

BEHIND TREES

"Stymied by the trees flanking the roadway in front of the 18th green, I decided to take a chance: try to cut the ball to the green.

"I was so near that I could not hit over them. Failure meant that the ball would finish among the gorse in front. If that happened, I would have had to walk up to Rees and congratulate him on winning.

SHOOK REES

"Where there is hope I can be courageous. Taking a No. 6 iron, I cut the ball in almost a half-moon direction for a distance of 150-200 yards to the green.

"It had to be struck with an open club face. As I hit, I allowed my right hand to fly off the club. The stroke was finished with the left hand.

"It was one of the best shots I have ever played. The recovery shook Rees. His second shot finished on the bank of a bunker for him to take five.

"My ball was at the back of the green. My club was short. Then I sank in 113, put for a 4 to win by one hole."

—(London Express Service)

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



POINT 26

Surf

Saves CLOTHES.
Saves TIME.
Saves LABOUR.
Saves WORRY.
Saves RINSING.
Saves SCRUBBING.
Saves YOUR HANDS.
Saves COLOURS.
Saves MONEY.

Surf

SAVES:

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB EIGHTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 27th February & Saturday 6th March, 1954.
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2 p.m. each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Titles will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$5.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS & REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

The cost of a Through Ticket is \$35.00. Through Tickets reserved for this meeting but not paid for by 10 a.m. on Friday, 26th February, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future meetings.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the 2nd Day (8th March) at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguilar Street and 382 Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on that day.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th May, 1954, are now available. The cost of each ticket is \$2.00.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

M. MIBA.

Secretary

BUTTERFIELD and SWIRE

CHINA NAVIGATION CO., LTD.			
SAILINGS TO			
"HUPEH"	Tientsin	10 a.m.	3rd Mar.
"SHENGKING"	Koelung	5 p.m.	3rd Mar.
* Sails from Cuddalore Wharf			
ARRIVALS FROM			
"SHENGKING"	Koelung	7 a.m.	1st Mar.
"YUNNAN"	Shanghai	1st Mar.	

A.O. LINE LTD./C.N. CO., LTD., JOINT SERVICE			
SAILINGS TO			
"CHANGTE"	Sydney & Melbourne	8th Mar.	
ARRIVALS FROM			
"CHANGTE"	Kobe	6th Mar.	

BLUE FUNNEL LINE			
Scheduled sailings to Europe via Aden & Port Said			
Sails	Loads	Sails	Arrives
"PELEUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	5th Mar.	6th Mar.
"AUTOMEDON"	Liverpool & Glasgow	13th Mar.	14th Mar.
"ATREUS"	Liverpool & Dublin	23rd Mar.	24th Mar.
"BELLEROPHON"	London, Rotterdam, Amsterdam & Hamburg	24th Mar.	25th Mar.
"PATROCLUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	5th Apr.	6th Apr.

Scheduled sailings from Europe			
Sails	Loads	Sails	Arrives
G. "ATREUS"	Liverpool	Sailed	10th Mar.
S. "BELLEROPHON"	do	do	10th Mar.
G. "PATROCLUS"	do	Sailed	15th Mar.
S. "ATREUS"	18th Feb.	do	25th Mar.
S. "ANTILLOCHUS"	24th Feb.	do	2nd Apr.
S. "CYCLOPS"	3rd Mar.	do	7th Apr.
G. "PERSEUS"	7th Mar.	13th Mar.	13th Apr.
S. "AUTOMEDON"	18th Mar.	do	22nd Apr.

Carriers' option to proceed via other ports to load and discharge cargo.

DE LA RAMA LINES

ARRIVING FROM U.S. ATLANTIC & PACIFIC COAST PORTS			
Sails N.Y.	Sails S.F.	Arr. H.K.	
"MUNCASTER CASTLE"	Sailed	Sailed	5th Mar.
"TELEMACHUS"	do	do	18th Mar.
"DONA NATI"	do	do	2nd Apr.
"MANGALORE"	25th Feb.	18th Mar.	17th Apr.
"AJAX"	11th Mar.	2nd Apr.	2nd May

SAILINGS for NEW YORK, via SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, CRISTOBAL and JAPAN

Sails	Loads	Sails	Arrives
"DONA ALICIA"	4th Mar.	5th Mar.	
"BATAAN"	19th Mar.	20th Mar.	
"MUNCASTER CASTLE"	4th Apr.	5th Apr.	

Accepting cargo for shipment to Central & South American ports on through bills of lading.

Tathay Pacific Airways Ltd.

Route	Depart	Hongkong
HK/Singapore (DC-4)	9:00 a.m.	Tuesday
HK/Bangkok/Singapore (DC-4)	9:00 a.m.	Tuesday
HK/Manila/B.N. Borneo (DC-3)	6:30 a.m.	Tue. & Fri.
HK/Hanoi/Haiphong (DC-3)	10:00 a.m.	Wednesday
HK/Bangkok/Singapore (DC-4)	7:00 a.m.	Thursday
HK/Bangkok/Hankow/Canton (DC-4)	12:00 noon	Friday

All the above subject to Alteration without notice.

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 Sails Mar. 2 for Singapore, Penang, Rangoon & Calcutta.

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 (Accepting cargo for transshipment Kobe/Fusan and Kobe/Okinawa)

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Arrives Mar. 3 from Singapore.
 Sails Mar. 4 for Okinawa, Incheon, Fusan, Kobe & Yokohama.

"LAO"

Arrives Mar. 7 from Manila.
 Sails Mar. 8 for Singapore, Port Swettenham, Madras, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khorramshahr, Basmah & Bahrain.
 (Accepting cargo for transshipment Kobe/Fusan and Kobe/Okinawa)

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Queen's Building, Telephone 37206.
 Chinese Department: Telephone 28293.

the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

Name the masked bandit

WHO STOLE THE MISSING URANIUM?

By JOHN BODLE

TODAY the Detection Squad joins the Royal Canadian Mounties to solve "The Mystery of the Missing Uranium."

This is what has happened (let's imagine). A masked bandit has robbed a miners' camp at a new uranium strike in Alaska.

The hold-up took place at 5 p.m. on a Friday and the bandit got away with uranium worth thousands.

The Mounties now hold four men—Hank, Pete, Bill, and Frenchy. They were arrested in the uranium-strike area, on the Sunday. They are all known criminals, and it is certain that one is guilty.

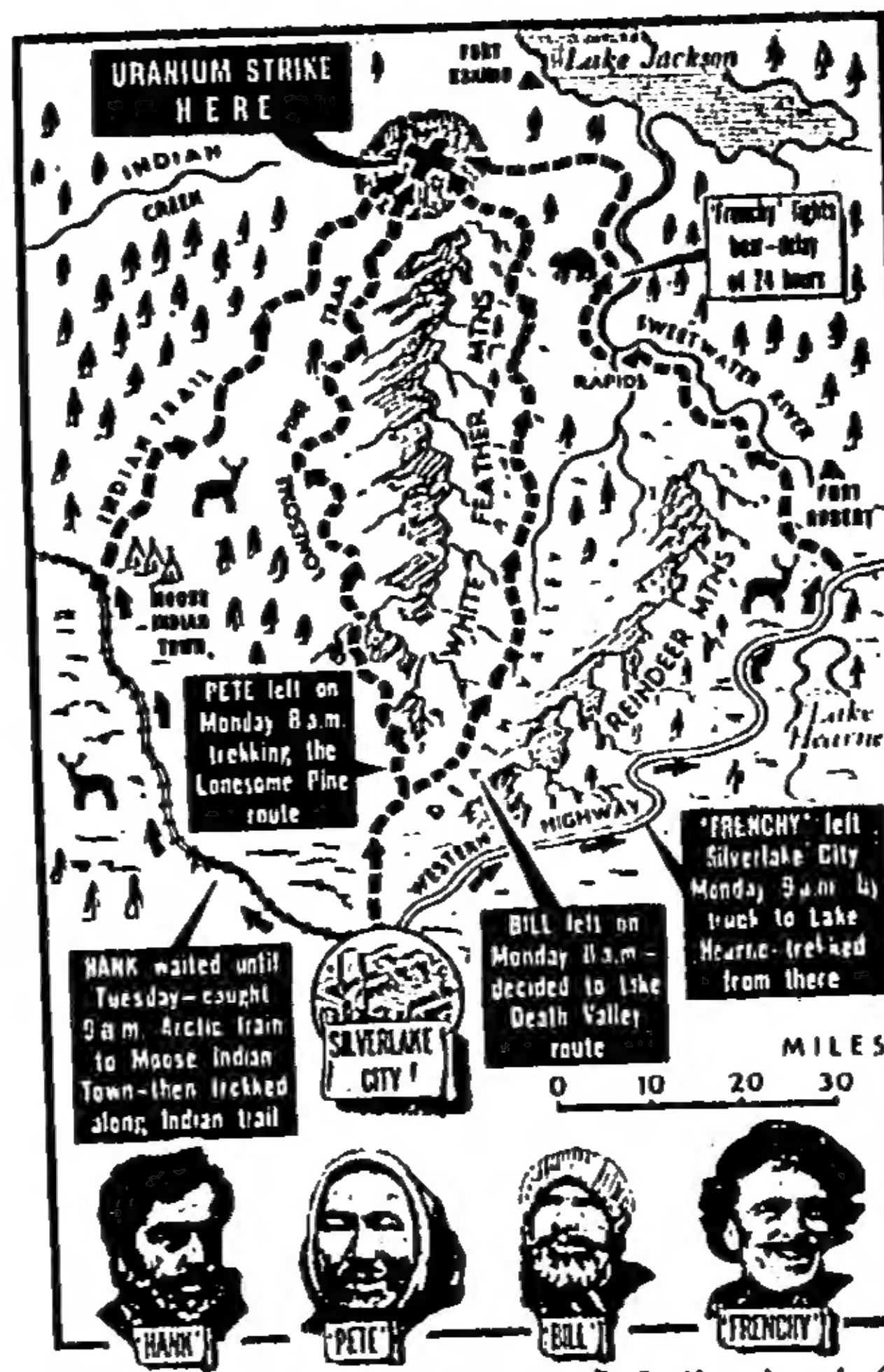
But which one? The Mounties have two clues to help them.

All four men, they know, were in Silverlake City, 100 miles south, on the previous Monday.

And they know that the men each took a different route to the uranium strike.

Now this is where YOU come in. For it is your job to help the Mounties get their man.

How to do it? Consider the facts of the case, study the map (right), and then decide which is the guilty man. You'll find the solution on Page 20.



Detection Squad helps the Mounties get their man

This bird in a cage can be your friend

KEEPING a budgerigar as a pet is easy on your pocket money. You do not need to worry about how to feed him.

Budgerigar mixture at the pet shop costs about 1s. 3d. a lb. or its equivalent.

It is usually a mixture of canary seed with brown, yellow, and white millet seed, and 1 lb. should last a fortnight.

As a titbit the budgerigar should have a millet spray (which is useful, incidentally, for tempting him outside). For green food in winter give him lettuce.

But be sure that none of the green food is frosted. For if it is—even though budgerigars are particularly hardy birds—you are likely to lose your pet from an internal chill.

In winter mix codliver oil with his food—about one teaspoonful to 1 lb. of seed. (I am talking of a pet budgerigar, of course. Codliver oil is not advisable when you are breeding birds.)

Fill his food container every morning when you give him fresh water, and clean out his sanded tray once a week.

If you are making your own cage be careful to paint it with a non-poisonous paint. Your pet will always be pecking it.

TONY HAZLEWOOD, 15-year-old West Wickham (Kent) schoolboy who appeared on TV with his budgerigar, tells you how to keep a cage-bird as a pet.



THE AUTHOR, with his budgerigar, George.

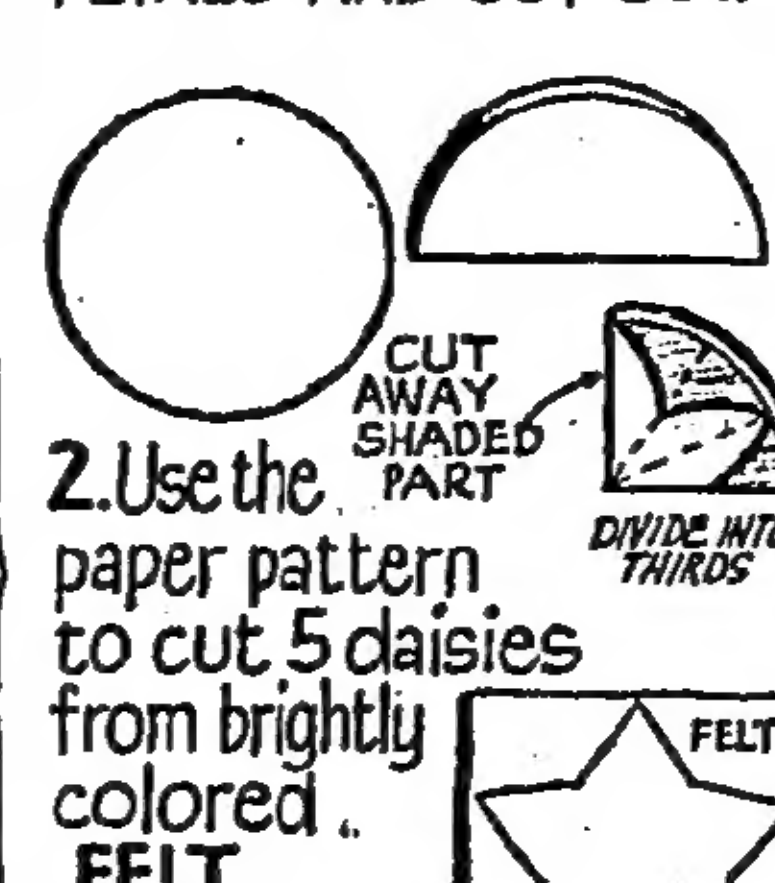
Black enamel outside, white-wash inside, is safe. Beware of green or grey enamels.

Put the cage in the living room, well away from draughts. If you are going to get the most enjoyment from your bird you must get him used to human company.

Then the next stage will be to get him "finger-tamed" so that he will come out of the cage on to your finger.

SWEATER NECKPIECE

1. Cut a 2 inch circle from a piece of PAPER. FOLD TWICE, DRAW ON PETALS AND CUT OUT.



3. Cut a piece of heavy RUG YARN 40 in. long... Sew the daisies with a pretty BUTTON in the center of each one onto the yarn like this.



Rupert and the Compass—22



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PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S.N. CO.

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Outwards	Leaves	Due
"OARHAGE"	4th February	8th March
"CORFU"	4th March	8th April
"CHUSAN"	10th March	17th April
Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore		
Homewards	Leaves	Due
"OARHAGE"	12th March	12th April
"CORFU"	20th April	10th May
"CHUSAN"	2nd May	31st May
Accepting cargo for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said & London		

FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Leaves	Due
"TREVETHOE" in Port	28th February	U.K. Continent, U.S. Brazil
"SINGAPORE"	28th February	—
Homewards	Leaves	Due
"SINGAPORE"	5th March	Cebu, Singapore, Port Swettenham, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg & Copenhagen

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"SIRDIHANA"	In Port	for
28th Feb.	for Yokohama, Osaka & Kobe	
"WARLA"	due	for
8th Mar.	for Singapore, Rangoon, Chittagong & Calcutta	
"SIRDIHANA"	due	for
20th Mar.	for Singapore, Penang, Rangoon & Calcutta	

P. & O. B. I. JOINT SERVICE

"ORMARA"	due	for
27th Feb.	for Kobe, Yokohama, Nagoya & Osaka	
"OZARDA"	due	for
12th Mar.	for Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khorramshahr & Basrah direct, Other Persian Gulf Port via Bombay	
"ORDIA"	due	for
10th Mar.	for Japan	
"ORMARA"	due	for
20th Mar.	for Singapore, Madras, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khorramshahr & Basrah direct	

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN S.S. CO., LTD.

"EASTERN"	due	for
6th Mar.	for Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Kure & Moji from Australia	
"NELLORE"	due	for
23rd Mar.	for Japan	
"EASTERN"	due	for
26th Mar.	from Japan	
27th Mar.	from Los Angeles, Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne & Adelaide	
"NELLORE"	due	for
10th Apr.	from Japan	
29th Apr.	for Auckland, Wellington, Sydney & Melbourne	

All vessels have liberty to call at any ports on or off the route & the route & sailing are subject to change or amendment with or without notice.

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Bridge Battle Is Settled After Game

By OSWALD JACOBY

"PLEASE settle a bidding dispute," requests a New Jersey correspondent. "East and West had a few words to say to each other after the play of the accompanying hand. Each one thinks that the other was wrong."

"There wasn't much to the play, for South had no trouble making his rebid. East, West opened the game of diamonds, and South won with the long. Declarer entered dummy with the ace of hearts to lead a low trump. East ducked, and South won with the king."

"When South saw that East had all the trumps he tried another round of diamonds. East refused, but could do nothing. If he took out dummy's trumps, South would run the diamonds to discard the losing hearts; and if East did anything else, South could ruff his losing hearts in dummy. East managed to get three trump tricks, but South easily made his contract."

"When the hand was over, East seemed stunned. He had expected to reap a rich harvest, instead of which South had redoubled and wrapped the hand around his neck."

"West began the attack. He said that South had obviously been looking for a slam when he bid three clubs. West's double of three clubs was meant to scare South out of the slam. Unfortunately, West pointed out, he was always saddled with a partner who wanted to get into the act."

"East recited his hand and wondered how much more he needed for a double of four spades. He said he had known

NORTH 23			
♦ 932	♥ A6	♠ Q10653	♣ A106
WEST			
♦ None	♥ A10876	♠ QJ75	♣ J
♦ 1082	♥ QJ75	♠ J	♣ KJ4
♦ 9874	♥ J	♠ KJ4	♣ Q8732
SOUTH (D)			
♦ KQJ54	♥ KQ43	♠ A2	♣ 3
Both sides vul.			
South	West	North	East
1♥	Pass	2♦	Pass
2♥	Pass	2♥	Pass
3♥	Pass	3♥	Pass
4♥	Pass	4♥	Pass
Redbl	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♦ 9			

that West couldn't have much for the double of three clubs, but he was entitled to rely on a little more than just one queen. "And so it went. Which is the guilty of the two?"

I would blame West for the disaster.

West was right when he assumed that South was trying for a slam. But West was entitled to assume that South would run into a very bad trump break. Hence there was no need to keep South out of a slam that he probably wouldn't make, and there was no need to encourage East to double prematurely. West simply didn't think the situation through, and his attempt at deception succeeded only in deceiving his partner instead of the opponents.

CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1 Heart Pass 1 Spade Pass
3 Hearts Pass
You, South, hold: Spades K-Q-7-6-3, Hearts J-5-2, Diamonds 10-8-4, Clubs 6-3. What do you do?

A—Bid four hearts. You have a weak hand, but your partner's jump rebid is highly invitational and you can just about afford to respond to it. You raise your partner's suit since you have fair three-card support and a side doubleton.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spades K-Q-7-6-3, Hearts J-5-2, Diamonds Q-8-4-2, Club 3. What do you do?

Answer On Monday

WHAT'S HIS LINE?

MICHAEL
T. N. DANCE

Re-arrange the letters to spell his occupation.
(Solution on Page 20)

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27

BORN today, your tremendous imagination and a real feeling for the dramatic are your most outstanding characteristics. Your gift for the written word is also a talent which you should develop and this, combined with your other natural talents, could make you outstanding in the field of creative writing. You may find that the stage presents a challenge, as well, and you might either act or write for it.

You are something of a free soul and dislike intensely to stick to any kind of regular routine. Monotony appears to be a stupefying influence and if you find that you are caught in a job which offers no intellectual challenge, your first thought must be to get out of it as soon as possible. You would make an exceptionally miserable square peg in a round hole!

You have an affectionate and outgoing nature. You are highly attractive to members of the opposite sex and will have several opportunities to wed. Take a second look, however, before making up your mind. For you, to wed in haste is to repent at leisure.

Since you are fond of travel and are always seeking new experiences, you will find that you will probably want to visit most of the foreign lands on the globe during your lifetime. If deprived of this, you will become an avid armchair traveller and read extensively of all the places you would enjoy visiting.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—

A good sermon at the church of your choice may be helpful in giving your spirits a real uplift.

ARIES (MAR. 21-APR. 20)—

Make this an inspirational day and revive drooping spirits. Meet new people and visit new places.

TAURUS (APR. 21-May 20)

Church attendance is a fine way to end the old month and usher in a new one which begins tomorrow.

GEMINI (MAY 21-June 21)

Resting the mind as well as the body is all important. This is one sure way of letting down tensions.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)

Spend a happy day at home with your family. You will find that it is fun to be with those you love.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—

You can bring joy and happiness to those you love. Make some special plans for their pleasure today.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—

If you will depend upon your own initiative, you will find that you accomplish a great deal now.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—

A good sermon can well prove a real inspiration. Set a good example to other members of the family.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

The aspects are excellent for a pleasurable, relaxing time with those you love. Make it a stay-at-home day.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—

Not a good idea to try and catch up on your office work. If you didn't finish everything last week, forget it until tomorrow.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—

End the old month on a happy note. Things could have been a lot worse—and they are getting better.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

A small social gathering this evening can relax tensions and revive depressed spirits, too.

BORN today, you are one of the world's dreamers. You can envision enough castles in the air to house the world's millions. But when it comes to putting your ideas into action, you prefer to have others do the actual work. Hence it is important that you select a partner who can supply this productive activity, putting to good use the ideas which seem to spout in an unending stream from your brain!

The stars have given you talents for success but you must be the one to develop them. You have an analytical mind and can take a problem, analyse it, and find a theoretical solution. But, as always, you want to give the blueprint to someone else who will do the actual work.

Affectionate by nature, you are not one to make a display of your emotions. You are a true and loyal friend and a constant and devoted mate in marriage. Wed early for the most happiness.

LEAP YEAR'S FEBRUARY 29—Born today, you have a calendar birthday only once in four years. As if to make up for this, the stars have given you exceptional attributes which make for a quick and lasting success.

You are practical, determined, even dogged in your ability to see a job through, once it is begun. You have a real talent as an executive and can make the wheels turn smoothly with everyone working hard, getting the job done exactly as you have outlined it. Self-confident and even aggressive when necessary, you know how and when to press your advantage and win out. Your magnetic personality makes you a fine public speaker and one who can influence others.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MARCH 1

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—

Keep your mind clearly and steadily turned toward your ultimate goal. Let nothing distract your attention.

ARIES (MAR. 21-APR. 20)—

A certain degree of caution is needed in everything you attempt. Look carefully before leaping.

TAURUS (APR. 21-May 20)

Be sure you know those who are making promises well enough to trust their word. Don't be fooled.

GEMINI (MAY 21-June 21)

If you make the necessary concessions in minor matters, you are more likely to win in larger issues.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)

To give a helping hand to someone who needs it today is to help your own spirit and forget your own self!

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—

You may need to give a little attention to new spring clothes. This applies especially to you women.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—

Aim high today and perhaps this month your highest ambitions may be, at least, in sight!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—

There is a definite success potential in your own backyard! Don't go looking for it too far away.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

If embroiled in an argument, take a look at all angles of it before you decide to take sides.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—

Don't rush into things. Impulse has no place in your life right now. Take time to make all your decisions.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—

You should begin to see results from your past efforts. Your ambitions begin to take positive form.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

Try to relax and get a few things off the chest. Spring air is good, too, and can revive your spirit.

Record News:

NEWSMAN'S SONG SUCCESSSES

TO say that Robert Musel is an unusual fellow is an understatement.

Burly Bob, first of all, is a reporter's reporter, the type who can cover any assignment. You've seen his by-line on such stories as the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, the Olympics at Helsinki, the Rita Hayworth - Aly K a h romance at Deauville, just to mention a few.

But Bob also is an expert at weight-lifting and songwriting. He won any prizes with the barbell, but he does all right as a song lyricist.

For a long time Musel's songs have been sung or hummed by British housewives and are standard stock in the BBC popular record library.

Now Bob has extended his field to his native America. His first hit of the current season is "Poppa Piccolino," which has been among the top records for weeks.

Musel was only 14 and a pin boy in a New York bowling alley when he sold his first lyric—for \$5. Another effort brought him the same reward, he abandoned songwriting and went to work for the United

Press as a copy boy. Twelve years later, he tried songwriting again, producing the lyrics for "Forever and a Day," which Gladys Swarthout made popular. About a week before Musel was expected to sign a contract for a Hollywood film musical, World War II broke out and Bob went overseas as a U.P. war correspondent.

Later, when Bob was night editor of the U.P. bureau in London, a staff member reminded him that the British liked waltz music. At that time Musel was homesick and the word "waltzing" had been on his mind. So he wrote "The Homecoming Waltz," one of the biggest hits of the war years in Britain. After that he turned out other popular songs.

Bob hasn't anything to tell others who want to become songwriters other than repeat what Fred Fisher, who composed "Dardanella" and "Chicago," once told him: "A professional knows when he has written a lousy song, an amateur never does."

If you've never heard "Poppa Piccolino," give it a hearing. Several companies have recorded the tune, among them Decca, with Decca's Gray, the Ray Charles singers and Dave Terry's orchestra.

—WILLIAM D. LAFFLER.

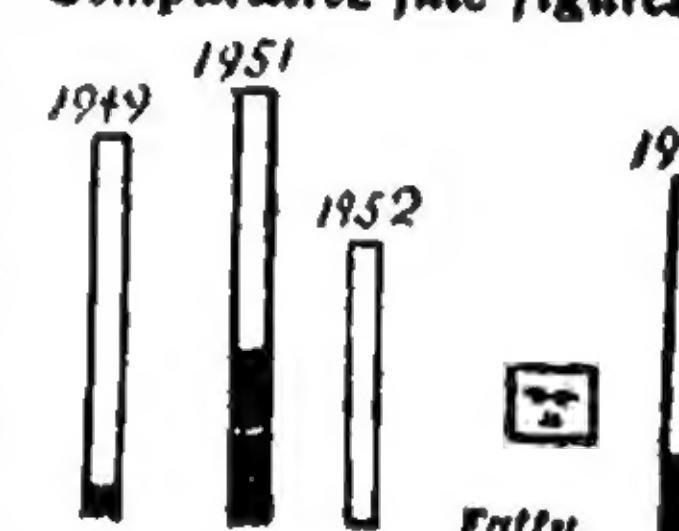
• BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

THOSE who so frequently accuse me of wild exaggeration on the subject of body fuel intake have no doubt been reading about the delicious orange-juice purchased "for the welfare scheme."

As it was found to contain too much sulphur to do children any good, it was "reconditioned" (see last issue) for sale to the soft-drink merchant. But after reconditioning there was "too much lead, tin, and iron" in it. A spokesman of the Food Ministry said, "We have no knowledge of any of it turning black." So that is something. Welfare, by the way, is the operative word in all this.

Comparative juke figures



Interlude

THERE is clowning in the hen-house. A hen laid a large egg on a Staffordshire farm, with a smaller egg inside it, just as a clown will take off his hat, only to reveal a smaller hat. A cleverer bird would lay

a small egg with a larger one enclosing it.

Produce: It comes to exactly the same thing. In each case the small egg is inside the larger one.

Myself: I thank you for correcting my ridiculous statement.

For your family album

THE payment in respect of each month shall be subject to an addition or reduction in the rate of, for metering in excess of 650 volts, 0.007d., and for metering at 650 volts or less, 0.007d. per kilowatt-hour supplied in that month for each penny by which the fuel cost per ton used for the purpose of, and shown on, the invoice for the supply of electricity in bulk by the British Electricity Authority to the Board in the previous month is more or less than 60s.

(A tariff for industrial premises issued by the Midlands Electricity Board.)

At the pictures

I had to queue for half an hour at the Tate Gallery to see a Rembrandt. When I finally stood before the master, it was like being in a football crowd.

(Letter to a morning paper.)

RATTLES and funny hats, and rattle of "Come on, Rembrandt" will not do much to uphold the dignity of Art.

DART WORDS

FOR the start of Dart Words today we go to the COMMONS and the objective is HOOK. Altogether there are 50 words in the circle, and the journey is made by rearranging the other 49 words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of the rules. You will meet a statesman and a famous novelist and the novelist's nationality on the way.

1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
3. It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.
5. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place or thing in fact or fiction.
6. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.
7. A typical succession of words might be: North—Nail—Pail—Pain—Firm—New—Year—Leat—Real—Road—Red—Herring.

(Solution on Page 20)

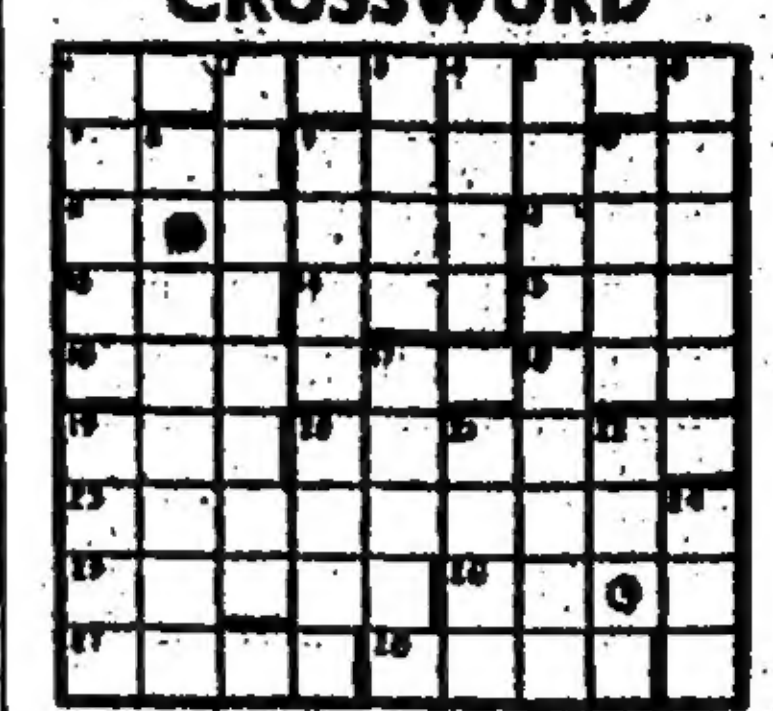


Do you have something with a smaller check?

DUMB BELLS



CROSSWORD



- Across
- Women's clothes sold by small advertisement? (4)
 - Endearing without ending. (3)
 - This railway has its ups and downs. (6)
 - Old Father Time has one. (6)
 - Shakespeare's last much of this in a play. (8)
 - It's a coronation symbol. (3)
 - What an age is it! (3)
 - Father of all stem societies? (3)
 - Shore-going uniform for a naval man? (4, 6)
 - Once with wont. (3)
 - This kind of diplomat may have solutions. (6)
 - A very successful bunch of directions? (6)
 - Down comes the dusk, and it goes to bed. (10)
 - Musical threesome. (4)
 - Most of the school sails away. (4)
 - Slipped this is beloved of the poet. (8)

- Down
- Fable man. (5)
 - Darby and Ned make a poor meal. (3)
 - The fellow who has always got a pot of gold. (4)
 - Seven miles. (4)
 - The bluest that puts singer in the children's song. (4)
 - Spice to look round. (4)
 - Fuzzle in verse. (8)
 - Let it stand for his printer. (4)
 - Fallen one made him. (4)
 - Weapon, maybe, to use against bears. (5)
 - The poet thinks them have school. (4)
 - One 10 Acres has its plural. (4)
 - This out is Transatlantic in origin. (4)
 - Take your turn on this. (4)
 - Spooky stretch of water? (4)
 - Girl for the bolts. (4)

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